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STORIES

OF

W A T E R L O O;

AND OTHER TALES.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!

Scott.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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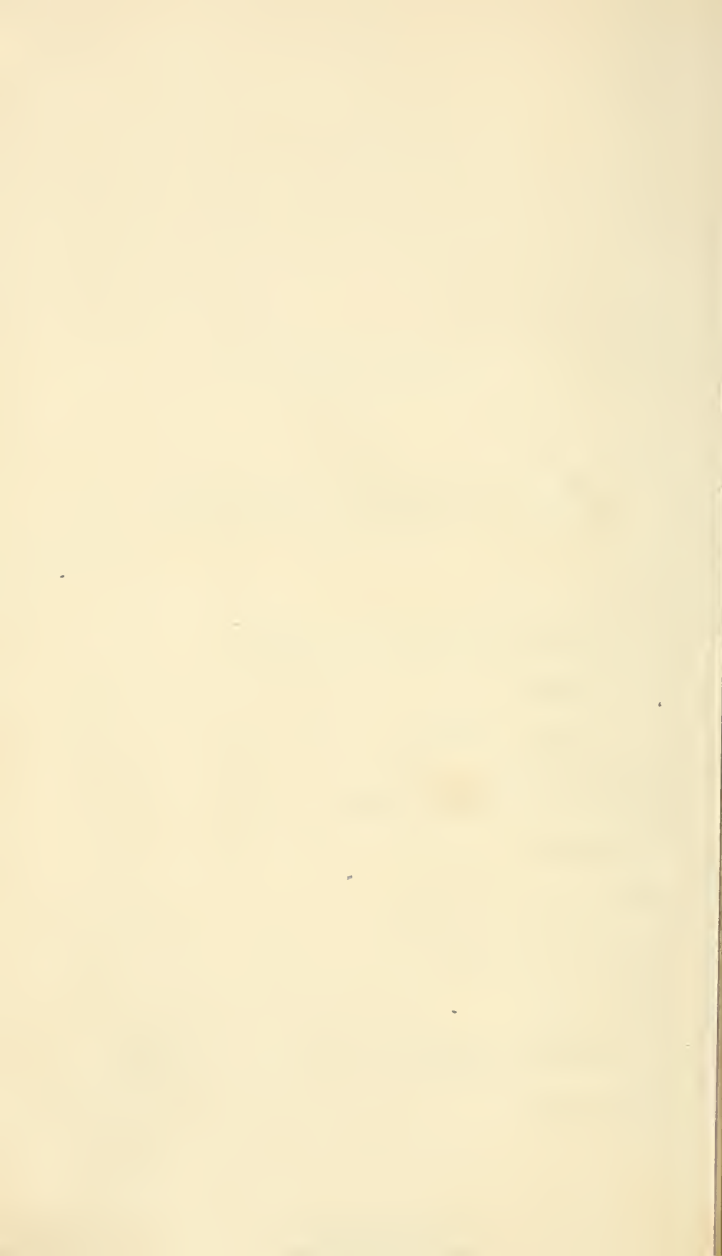
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MAURICE MAC CARTHY,
CONTINUED.

MAURICE MAC CARTHY,
CONTINUED.

Mark the year, and mark the night.

GRAY.

I SLEPT soundly. The morning was far advanced when I awoke. I looked in surprise at the strange apartment where I found myself, and for some moments the transactions of the preceding night had all the indefinite confusion of a troubled dream. However, I was soon aware of their reality; the key turned in the lock—the door opened—I raised my eyes expecting to see Farrinelli; but in her place an

elderly man, whose dress and appearance bespoke him to be a superior servant to some person of eminence, was standing beside my bed. He addressed me respectfully—

“It is late, signor. I hope your couch was comfortable, and your rest undisturbed?” I answered in the affirmative. “I fear I may have abridged your repose, signor; but it is necessary that you should leave this before noon.”

“Where is Marcella?”

“The Signora Farrinelli is long since gone: she left this billet for you.”

I broke the envelope: the note was short: it simply directed me to repair to a certain hotel, where it stated that I should hear more of the writer. “May I ask where I am? in what part of the city? in whose house?”

The *maître d’hôtel*, as he seemed to be, smiled.—“You are in one of the houses of the highest ecclesiastics in Naples; but as his excellenza is expected here at noon, and as he

might not be altogether prepared for the honour of meeting you here, we will not hazard giving the cardinal a surprise, even though, doubtless, an introduction to the signor would render it an agreeable one."

I easily comprehended from my visitor's *raillerie* that my absence was indispensable before the reverend proprietor of the mansion should arrive. I accordingly dressed hastily, and declining to stay for breakfast, followed the steward of his eminence through a beautiful garden planted with the choicest shrubs, and ornamented with grottoes, statues, and water-works. No expense had been spared in completing this luxurious retreat; while the meanness of the exterior of the house, the immense height of the garden walls, equally calculated to avoid suspicion, and effect security, at once bespoke the profligacy and caution of the holy owner.

My conductor led me to a little wicket in the wall; the door was secured with bolt and bar,

as jealously as if it opened to an eastern harem. Having undone the numerous fastenings, the cardinal's domestic cautiously looked out : then turning to me, he said—" All is right ; you will find a carriage at the bottom of the narrow lane : enter it without speaking. The driver has his directions already."

I took out some gold pieces from my pocket, and offered them to the steward ; but he thanked me, and declined accepting them. The friend of the Signora Farrinelli was always welcome here ; that is, when he could come in safety. To no one was he under so many obligations as to Marcella ; and he hoped to see me soon, and begged me to present his duty to my beautiful mistress. " Be pleased, signor, to take the right-hand turn : " so saying, he bowed, closed the wicket, and left me standing alone in a narrow passage, caused by two walls of immense height, which ran parallel to each other at the distance of a few feet.

I followed his directions, and issued from the

secret approach to the cardinal's gardens. The carriage was waiting near the bottom of the alley I have described, whose entrance I found was from a gloomy and uninhabited outlet. There was nothing in sight but a few ruinous houses; and although within an hour of noon, there was not a living creature to be seen. If the churchman had been anxious to conceal his private hours from the scrutiny of the world, he had selected the scene of his secret pleasures with excellent judgment; and the spot was admirably contrived both for luxury and concealment.

I placed myself in the vehicle and closed the blinds; the driver whipped his horses, and we proceeded rapidly. In a few minutes we had taken several intricate turnings, and I found myself again in one of the most crowded suburbs of the city.

I threw myself back in the carriage, and mused on the strange succession of adventure which had marked my sojourn in the Neapo-

litan capital. What was the object of Caracci's villany? Why was I brought to Naples? Was murder his intention? Surely among the lonely rocks and glens of my native wilds, where I was in the constant habit of wandering alone, my death might have been accomplished at home, without the danger and difficulty attendant on the complicated course of villany he had resorted to in removing me from Ireland. Could it be spoliation? The jewels whose value I now ascertained to be considerable, might have been removed from me without suspicion by the person who had abstracted the single gem, and who I was convinced was the monk. Could he have any dark design on Adela? My pulse rose, my heart throbbed violently, as the maddening suspicion seized me. I muttered curses on Caracci. In imagination I held him in my grasp—I ground my teeth—I clenched my hands, when the sudden stoppage of the carriage recalled me from my agonising reverie.

I peeped cautiously through the blinds: we were in a narrow street, crowded with a multitude of people: they followed a rude litter on which a man was stretched: a strong body of Neapolitan police surrounded it. The crowd came on: the litter passed the vehicle where I sat concealed, and I started as I gazed on the well-known features of Vassalli! He was just as I had last seen him in Marcella's dressing-room. My handkerchief still bound his bleeding head, and a slight movement of his arm alone led me to conclude that my enemy lived. Paoli, heavily ironed, walked behind the litter.

After the momentary surprise had ceased, a feeling of satisfaction succeeded, when I found the ruffian had not perished by my hand. He and his confederate were now in the hands of justice, and thus one obstacle to my leaving Naples was removed. I determined to quit the city without delay, and that my expected interview with Marcella should be my last;

but the pain of bidding her an eternal farewell was avoided, for I never saw her again.

The vehicle stopped at the Florentine Hotel. I was expected; for the host addressed me by name, and conducted me ceremoniously to a suite of apartments, which he stated had been ordered and paid for by a lady, on whose beauty and munificence his encomiums were unbounded. The lovely signora had left that packet for my excellenza. What would I be pleased to order?—himself, his house, and God knows what, were all at my disposal.

I simply ordered breakfast; and having succeeded in getting rid of my obsequious host, I broke the seal of Farrinelli's packet. It contained her picture magnificently set in brilliants, a ring of exquisite workmanship, and judging from the beauty of the gems, of immense value, and the rough diamond which had been purloined from Adela's jewel-box. Several closely-written sheets of manuscript accompa-

nied these valuables ; and as the customary hour of repose had arrived, I retired to my chamber, not to sleep, but to examine the packet of Marcella. As I perused this detail, admiration, pity, and contempt, were by turns excited in my breast, while I read the memoir of this guilty but gifted woman.

FARRINELLI'S HISTORY.

“ When this reaches thee, Mac Carthy, she who has written it will have bidden an eternal farewell to the world and all its transitory concerns. The mirror has silently admonished me that youth had passed ; but still I felt a lingering attachment to society that marred my better angel's whispers, which in night and solitude prompted me to renounce the fleeting pleasures of mortality. I might have still remained for years undetermined and irresolute, and the wreck of former beauty might still have commanded partial admiration. But the delusion is over ; you have torn away the film which

vanity placed before my eyes. Farrinelli failed in her attempt upon your heart, and this her *first* defeat—for never did she fail to fascinate till now—tells her the hour of her abandoning the world is come.

“ Mac Carthy, before you read my history, look at the miniature I have sent you. A few years have only passed since that portrait was painted. It is a faithful likeness of what I once *was*.”

I laid down the manuscript, and opened the case which enclosed Farrinelli's picture. Never had I seen a face so perfectly, so brilliantly, handsome ; for minutes I gazed upon the heavenly beauty of the countenance. I pressed it with enthusiasm to my lips. No wonder Farrinelli had found her charms irresistible. “ To see her, was to love her.” I could have looked for hours on the painting, if the deep interest I felt to learn the history of this singular woman had not recalled my attention to her memoir.

“ Do not expect, Mac Carthy, a detailed nar-

rative of my life. If I could not gain your love, at least let me expect your pity. Let me, in a word, express my guilt. In crime I was unequalled, as in beauty.

“ My mother was an actress : her fine singing and personal charms made her an object of general admiration. The Count de Floras was her favoured lover, and I believe that I was his daughter. He fell in a duel with a rival, while I was yet an infant, and my mother did not long survive him.

“ I was destitute. My mother’s unbounded extravagance prevented her from leaving any property for my support. I had no relative living, and I cannot guess what would have been my fate had not accident thrown me in the way of being seen by the wife of a rich jeweller, to whom my mother had been known. Venoni was long married, and being childless, he consented to my adoption by his wife. I was accordingly removed to a lovely villa, called Casabella, and for ten years resided with my

kind protectors. Signora Venoni spared no expense upon my education. I was taught singing and dancing by the best masters in Naples; and, as I had a taste for these accomplishments, I became a proficient in both.

“ I was destined to lose my protectress; and from that loss sprang all the subsequent crime and misery of my after life. Signora Venoni died suddenly, and her husband considering a religious house the most suitable retreat for an orphan, removed me from Casabella to the convent of the White Carmelites. There I remained four years as a boarder; but, alas! I had little inclination for a conventual life. Retired as had been the jeweller’s villa, it appeared a paradise compared with the cloistered gloom which pervaded the austere mansion of the Carmelites; and I wept as I contrasted the hours of my happy infancy with the gloomy prospect which awaited my future life. No wonder, when the superior announced that at the approaching festival of their tutelary saint,

it was determined that I should commence my novitiate, that the intelligence was distressing. The stern abbess witnessed my grief with little sympathy, and, after much entreaty, hardly consented to my writing to Venoni, and acquainting him with my objection to a monastic life.

“ My letter produced an interview with the jeweller. Little had the superior of the Carmelites foreseen the result, when she allowed me to inform Venoni of my hatred to a convent. Knowing that I was an orphan, and unconnected with my protector by any ties of kindred, she had conjectured that Venoni would insist on my taking the veil, and thus free himself from the expense and responsibility of protecting my orphanage.

“ The jeweller had visited me but once since I had become a resident in the convent, and it was shortly after I had removed from Casabella. Occupied in trade, any leisure hours he could command were devoted to the improvement of

his villa ; and he contented himself with learning from the abbess a favourable report of my health and education, and in return punctually forwarding to her the stated annuity for my support. He had left me an interesting child, and he found me a lovely girl, whose first dawn of womanhood gave promise that at maturity I should be gifted with surpassing beauty. Unfortunately for himself, Venoni was fascinated with my appearance. I had sufficient penetration to remark the favourable impression I had made upon my protector ; and so artfully did I turn his weakness to my purpose, that I succeeded in persuading him to remove me from the care of the Carmelites, and carry me again to Casabella.

“ Venoni, though passed the noon of life, was still active and healthy. Blinded by my beauty, he forgot the disparity of our ages : he became daily more devotedly attached. The protector gave place to the lover ; and in a few weeks he had offered me his hand and fortune.

“I had been secluded from my childhood. My heart was yet a stranger to any feeling but that of gratitude. I abhorred the thought of having been destined for a religious life. Venoni I felt for as a parent. I imagined I should be happy as his wife; for Casabella would be mine, and I should then be secure from returning to the Carmelites. I consented to the jeweller’s proposals, and soon after we were united.

“Some months passed quietly. I scarcely ever left the villa; and my knowledge of the world as a wife was limited as before I married. I regarded Venoni with a sort of childish fondness; but to any warmer feeling my heart was perfectly insensible.

“One day, when the jeweller returned from the city, where he usually went to transact business, I perceived an unusual cloud upon his brow, and it was apparent that something had occurred since morning that had disturbed his general equanimity. I pressed him to tell me the cause of his uneasiness: for a time he was

silent ; but at length, yielding to my intreaties, he spoke thus :—

“ ‘ Marcella, you are right ; I am disturbed by an unwelcome piece of news : and yet it will be necessary to explain some family concerns before you could comprehend that this uneasiness of mine proceeds from the unexpected arrival of my only nephew in Naples.’

“ ‘ Your nephew’s arrival ! How, Venoni, can the coming of a near relative produce any thing but pleasure ?’

“ ‘ Alas ! Marcella, little dost thou know the world ; but I shall explain the circumstance. I had a sister—an only sister ; we were born in humble life, for my father was in his youth an artist. Care and industry crowned his labour with success, and he died an opulent goldsmith, leaving me and his only daughter a respectable competence.

“ ‘ My sister was exceedingly pretty ; and, unfortunately for herself, attracted the attention of an officer of the royal guard. He was a

foreigner—an Irishman, named Devereux. He paid his addresses to Pauline, and succeeded. They were married; and from that time my ill-fated sister never knew an hour of happiness. Devereux dissipated her fortune and destroyed her peace; and death brought her a welcome deliverance, after she had given birth to an infant—that nephew whose return I have announced.

“ ‘ Devereux’ career of waste and debauchery, had of course its termination. His means were dissipated, and at last he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and embark for New Spain, where he obtained a commission in the Spanish service; for with all his failings, he was a brave and experienced soldier. His child he confided to me, and, Heaven knows, I was a father to him.

“ ‘ My nephew exhibited precocious talent. He acquired languages with uncommon facility. In painting he was a proficient for his years, but music was his forte. I considered I should

but discharge my duty towards this neglected boy by cultivating this profitable talent, and accordingly placed him in the conservatoir of ———. There his progress in the science was extraordinary. But, alas! as he grew up, the germs of a bad disposition were visible. He was impatient of control, irritable, and revengeful. Exhibiting early symptoms of depraved and dangerous vices, I was forced to remove him from the conservatoir, and reluctantly send him to Lima, where his father had contrived to obtain an important command. He has been more than ten years absent from this country. His father is dead; his circumstances far from opulent; and he has returned to Naples. I trust that his early vices have been removed; but, dear Marcella, what can I hope from the bad promise of his youth, fostered by the example of a profligate and desperate parent?

“ ‘ But he is *still* my nephew.—I cannot without a trial, abandon my sister’s child. Heaven send my suspicions may be groundless,

and that years of absence may have been also years of amendment! I have invited him to my house. You will receive him as a relative, and forget that I have told you any thing to his disadvantage. In one respect, at least, you will find him agreeable. He is a masterly musician, and in my absence, he will assist your study of the science, and make the hours when I am away, less tedious at Casabella.'

"Next day Venoni departed. He returned at his customary hour in the evening, and his nephew accompanied him. He presented him to me, and I found him a young man of tolerable appearance. In face and person he was by no means striking; but his address was gentlemanly and polished. Notwithstanding the unfavourable account I had heard from Venoni of his nephew's earlier days, I was soon disposed to think more lightly of his vices than I had expected I should. There was a gentleness of manner, and an apparent candour about my new relative that gradually interested me

in his behalf, while an artless avowal of youthful delinquency, and a sincere expression of regret for former dissipation, induced his unsuspicious uncle to believe his professions of repentance; and so entirely did he succeed in the course of deceit which he had adopted, that Venoni discarded every unfavourable recollection from his memory, and reposed in his reformed relative the most unbounded confidence. Venoni's nephew had assumed the name of Caracci; he explained the reason of his dropping his paternal one of Devereux, from his being adopted by a wealthy foreigner in Lima. He had still, he said, expectations from his quondam patron, notwithstanding his father's misconduct had in some degree estranged his regard from the son. Still however he retained the name; and as so many years had elapsed since he had quitted Naples a boy, no one of his former acquaintances would recognise in Caracci, the dissipated Devereux of the conservatoir. Venoni acquiesced

in his reasoning ; and it appeared to the simple-minded jeweller an additional proof of remorse for early misconduct, with a prudent view towards ulterior advantage.

“ Caracci seldom left the villa ; he superintended his uncle’s improvements, and instructed me in music ; I was his companion in the garden, his pupil in the saloon. Venoni forgot that his wife, in years, might have been his grandchild ; he placed her in the power of an artful and accomplished villain. How could the result be different from what occurred ? I forgot I was the uncle’s wife, and became the nephew’s mistress.

“ Months passed : I now loved for the first time, and my passion for Caracci was ardent and unrestrained. On Venoni I looked with aversion ; and unsuspecting as he was, he soon perceived the marked alteration of my conduct towards him. With Italian jealousy he masked his suspicions, and employed a trusty servant to watch me in the hours of his absence. Too

great security had made my lover and myself fearless of discovery, and the wary domestic easily ascertained the existence of our criminal attachment.

“ My husband veiled his knowledge of my falsehood, and his nephew’s depravity, by additional demonstrations of affection to me and confidence in him. He told us he was obliged by important business to leave us for a few days on a commercial visit to Pisa; and with a cheerful countenance that baffled Caracci’s penetration, he bade us farewell, and departed. That night his villain nephew was admitted to my chamber; in perfect security I had fallen asleep in his arms, when suddenly the door was forced open, and my enraged husband accompanied by several men with lights and fire-arms, surrounded the bed. I shrieked and hid my face beneath the coverlet, while Caracci was thrown upon the floor, and his irritated uncle’s sword was pointed at his breast.

“ With wonderful self-command, Venoni for-

bore to strike the fatal blow. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'is this thy return for my kindness? I, who almost loved thee as my son; I, who trusted thee implicitly! My loved sister's blood circulates in thy veins, and the laws of God and Nature alike forbid that it should be spilled by me. Off, damned villain, to some other land! Let some other country be the scene of thy crime, or thy contrition. Thou hast, adder-like, stung the bosom that befriended thee! Want shall not urge thee to fresh guilt.—Go.' As he spoke, I heard a heavy purse fall upon the floor, and his followers departed at his command, to conduct his ruffian relative beyond the bounds of the villa.

"I shuddered when I found myself alone with the man whom I had irreparably injured. Venoni approached the bed. I looked for a moment; but, as if struck with lightning, I closed my eyes, nor dared to raise them again. Never shall I forget my husband's countenance, as he stood in silent, speechless agony, gazing

on his unworthy wife. No reproach passed his pale lips; but the expression of horror and despair with which he regarded me, struck me to the soul, and seemed to freeze my blood. For some moments he stood above me, mute as a marble statue; then heaving one long, deep sigh, that seemed to rend his bosom, he placed the lamp upon the table, and retired from the chamber.

“ I spent the remainder of the night in tears of unavailing anguish; but, alas! my distress was less occasioned by sorrow for the crime, than apprehensions for the consequences of its discovery. My mind was distracted by conflicting feelings; now agonised for the misery I had inflicted on my kind protector; and again the fatal passion I felt for my seducer, plunged me into wretchedness at the thought of being separated from him for ever. Mine was not the repentant agony of a conscience-stricken sinner. My principles had, I believe, been radically vicious, and under the tutelage of

Caracci, the last feeble struggles of religion were extinguished; and his insidious precepts prepared me too well for the career of vice which has marked my guilty history.

“Soon after breakfast my own maid brought me a letter. Her master had given it to her to deliver; and immediately afterwards, as she informed me, set off for Naples. I had scarcely courage to break the seal; when I did, I read as follows:—

“ ‘ Marcella, my heart bleeds for thee! so young, so lovely, and so fallen! While I lament thy crime, my conscience upbraids me with being inadvertently an accessory to thy ruin. I was blinded by thy charms, and forgot the disparity of our years; and infatuated by thy beauty, risked our mutual happiness, by making thee my wife. I exposed thee to the villany of an unprincipled relative; and thy virtue, too weak to bear the trial, fell a sacrifice to his art and my imprudence.

“ ‘ Marcella, I must never see thee more. That face which misled my judgment when I wedded, might even yet mar my resolution. Thou art too lovely, and too abased to remain beneath my roof; and I hasten to remove thee to a place, where penitence and peace are still attainable for thee. For *me*—but I will not reproach thee—with a broken heart like mine, shall soon find shelter where the weary rest!

“ ‘ I shall endeavour to prevent temptation from causing thee to err again. Placed in the convent of our Lady of the Pillar, strict discipline and a total estrangement from the world, may restore purity to thy heart, and peace to thy mind. To-day I shall make the requisite arrangements for your reception into this holy sisterhood, and you shall be amply provided for, both at the present, and at the time when I shall be removed from this uncertain life. Farewell! Thine, in bitterness of heart,

“ ‘ CARLO VENONI.’

“When I read the letter, I dropped upon the floor : a worse fate than any I had pictured had befallen me. I was to be immured within the fearful walls of the severest community in Italy. The convent of our Lady of the Pillar was famed for its stern and unrelaxing discipline. It was the asylum of despairing sin, and was unrivalled on the continent for gloomy penance and ascetic severity ; and to this society I should be committed before the summer of my days had opened ; and both youth and beauty would ‘blush unseen’ within the gloomy enclosure of a monastic prison.

“How could I avoid my dreadful destiny ? I could not fly from it ; for in the world I had no one to escape to. Caracci was an outcast ; and I had none to interpose and save me. Again and again I read Venoni’s letter. I perceived that he half feared his constancy of purpose. He would not see me ; and this was an acknowledgment of his weakness.

“I determined to use every artifice to change

his resolution. He feared to trust himself, and I resolved that he should have an interview, and thus leave the event to fortune, and my beauty. I learned from my attendant that he had returned from the city; and I decided that when the villa was at rest, I would repair to his chamber. We then should be secure from interruption. Notwithstanding his conviction of my frailty and unworthiness, I suspected a smothered attachment was lurking in his breast, and I would assail his weakness with woman's beauty, and more dangerous yet, a woman's tears!

“ Full of my attempt upon Venoni's tenderness, I waited impatiently for the hour to execute my plan. The evening seemed interminable: at last, the clock struck the hour of midnight. The inmates of the villa were at rest. I left my room with a trembling heart, and guided by a taper which I carried, I approached the room occupied by my husband, and which lay at the further end of a long corridor. My

hand was on the lock, when the noise of a foot upon the floor within arrested it for an instant. Was Venoni not yet a-bed? I mustered fresh resolution. My situation was hopeless. The convent and its horrible seclusion flashed on my memory, and I desperately pushed the door open.

“ Words cannot describe the scene of horror which met my eyes within. Venoni was extended on the floor between the bed and window: a man was stooping over him, whom the glare of the taper and noise of the unclosing door disturbed. The discharge of a pistol at me by the murderer succeeded, and next moment he bounded through the lattice into the shrubbery beneath. Momentary as the occurrence was, I recognised in the terror-stricken countenance of the ruffian the well-remembered features of Caracci. I staggered on to where my husband lay. His throat was frightfully cut, and the floor deluged with blood. The face bore a horrible expression of mortal

agony; while his hands, hacked and wounded by the weapon, and a quantity of hair clenched in his grasp, and torn from the head of the murderer, showed how long and powerfully the old man had struggled with the assassin. Nature could not support me longer. I uttered a piercing shriek, and fell lifeless beside Venoni's body.

“The report of the pistol had alarmed the family, and my cries directed them to the spot. The knife which had done the deed of death was found. It was a foreign implement, and had often been seen in Caracci's hand while pruning shrubs and training fruit-trees. But the evidence of his guilt did not rest on the fatal weapon. The hair found in the grasp of the murdered man was easily recognised; it was dark, intermingled with one lock of silvery whiteness; and such was well remembered to have been remarked upon the right temple of the jeweller's nephew.”

I dropped the manuscript. The identity of

Devereux with the murderer of Venoni was undoubted. Often at the tower had I remarked that singular ringlet on the monk's forehead. For some moments an indescribable feeling of horror and dread prevented me from perusing Marcella's narration ; but I mastered my agitation, and continued to read the guilty memoir.

“ I shall not dwell upon the subject of my husband's murder ; and the events which followed I shall briefly detail. Caracci was apprehended in a day or two, and I was committed to prison as the abettor of his guilt. My criminal intimacy with the murderer naturally occasioned my being suspected as accessory to my husband's death. The day of trial came on. The hall of justice was crowded to excess. Exaggerated accounts of my beauty had been circulated throughout Naples, and numbers of persons of rank assembled to view the beautiful criminal. The result was that Caracci, on the clearest evidence, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel ; and I, although acquitted of the charge

of murder, was condemned to confinement for life in the penitentiary, where convicts of the better order were incarcerated; and Venoni's property was escheated to the crown.

“ Neither decree, excepting the forfeiture to the king, was carried into execution. Caracci's punishment was commuted, and he was consigned for life to the gallies. It was said that a diamond ring, which he had taken from his uncle's finger, and contrived to conceal about his person, was his passport to the ear of mercy. For me, my beauty opened the prison doors. The president of the court had been struck with my charms; and I was removed from the walls of the penitentiary to a retired house in the suburbs of Naples, and became the mistress of the judge.

“ A detailed account of the following years of my life would be a record of splendid criminality. My lovers were numerous. Wealth and power were at my disposal; for princes were my worshippers, and even cardinals were ranked

among my slaves. I resided at a splendid mansion, given me by the young Duc d'Ossuno, one of the richest and noblest of the Neapolitan court.

“ One night I had returned from the theatre. My saloon was crowded with admirers. I left the gay party for a moment, and retiring to my dressing-room, despatched my attendant to a distant part of the mansion with some orders to my servants. I was alone, and with all a woman's vanity contemplated my face and person in the full-length mirror. I was then in the meridian of my beauty. I was superbly dressed ; the choicest pearls rested on my bosom ; the brightest diamonds sparkled in my hair. I viewed with exultation the unequalled elegance of my costume ; and my heart beat with pleasure, and my eyes lightened with pride.

“ Suddenly, in the reflection of the glass, a face, wan and wretched beyond description, appeared at my very shoulder ! I screamed in terror : I turned hastily round ; it was no delu-

sion of disturbed fancy: a man, or rather the skeleton of a man, was standing at my back. His tattered garments were foul and squalid; his sunken eye spoke want and misery, and a broken fetter was still upon his limbs. Heavens! it was Caracci!

“ ‘Dost thou know me, Marcella?’ said the well-known voice, in hollow and unearthly tones. I staggered to a sofa, while the wretch continued, with bitter irony, ‘We are differently attired, Marcella; but there was little time for dressing in the house I quitted to-night.’

“ ‘What in the Virgin’s name has brought you hither?’ I asked, in a paroxysm of alarm.

“ ‘Despair!’ replied the felon, fiercely.

“ ‘Your business?’

“ ‘Shelter and protection,’ he answered, boldly.

“ ‘How could I conceal you? Impossible!’

“ ‘Easily, Marcella; *here* you must conceal me—ay, *here*, in this very chamber. Who will suspect that a mass of rags and wretched-

ness shelters his misery in this splendid saloon ! or that the galley-slave is harboured in the private closet of the mistress of the proudest peer in Italy ?

“ I could not speak for terror. Caracci saw it, and continued in a lower and milder tone—‘Nay, Marcella, fear nothing. I will soon rid thee of my hated presence. Give me the means of safety ; bring me food and wine, a file to cut this manacle, a change of dress to disguise my person, arms for my defence, and a purse of gold to ensure escape : give these, and I leave thee to my noble rival.’

“ I feared the desperate state of Caracci too much not to comply promptly with his demand. I concealed him in my cabinet, provided the articles he required, and before morning had the satisfaction to see the man I once loved to madness, and whom I now dreaded as a demon, depart.

“ I heard of him but seldom afterwards. For a time he led a precarious life in Germany

and France ; his crimes had shut him out from Italy. At last some detected villany obliged him to quit the continent altogether ; and I learned that he had retired to Ireland, and assumed the character of a priest. There he has since resided ; and is, as he has informed me, a spy in the service of the French government.

“ Mac Carthy, I will bring my history to a close. A description of a career of infamy, however splendid, is disgusting. Think not that brilliant dissipation atones for a blighted reputation. Conscience may be blunted, but it cannot be entirely quenched ; and, God knows, often have I felt its sting !

“ As years rolled on, rival beauties appeared. My lovers decreased ; and the sphere in which I moved, a bright but fallen star, gradually was narrowed and overcast. In the death of the young Duc d’Ossuno, my influence received a fatal blow. The noblest in the land no longer waited in my saloon, and lived upon

my smiles ; and those who, in the zenith of my beauty, would not have presumed to approach my dwelling, now found a ready entrance.

“ The death of a foreigner, under distressing circumstances, accelerated my fall. He was connected with some of the proudest of the Neapolitan court, and his death was made a pretext for my persecution, by some, who in other days would have professed themselves honoured by an admission to my conversazione. I found it advisable to yield to the storm, and leaving Naples, retired to the villa where you found me.

“ Vassalli, a man of family and fortune, whose vices had ruined and reduced him, with some others of a similar caste, had been accessories to the plundering of the unhappy foreigner I alluded to before ; and they were employed by your bitter enemy, the pretended monk, to forward his designs against yourself. What are the precise objects of his villany I cannot

exactly say. His ostensible motive, in engaging our assistance, was to keep you here, while he should carry off a quantity of jewels ; which, if his account be true, must be immensely valuable. One rich gem he sent us to prove their worth, and secure our services. As to yourself, Caracci depended on my blandishments succeeding in keeping you here a willing captive ; and had they failed, you would have been provided for otherwise, and death would have removed from the monk's path one whom he equally hates and fears.

“ And now, Mac Carthy, as you value life and fortune, stay not another hour in Naples. Hasten to your home, and you may yet reach Ireland in time to mar the ruffian's plans. If ever fiend lurked in a human form, it is the caitiff monk's you left behind. No danger daunts him ; and from no crime, however desperate, will he hold back ; he is daring in deed, and unrivalled in artifice and dissimulation.

You are now forewarned; act boldly and promptly, and you may escape the impending danger.

“ Mac Carthy, farewell! The last act of my connexion with the world I shall ever look back upon with satisfaction. If my warning succeeds in saving you from the deep villany of the pseudo-monk, I shall have at least marred the schemes of a ruffian, and saved the man I loved—the man I would have followed to a wilderness. But I must forget thee, save in my prayers. Farewell! While fast and penitence shall be the lot of Farrinelli, may every happiness be thine, Mac Carthy! Farewell for ever!

“ MARCELLA.”

[Mac Carthy paused—“ Now comes the sequel, Jack. Give me thy flask, boy, I must steel my nerves.” He raised the liquor to his lips, then stooping his head on the pommel of his saddle, appeared for a few minutes lost

in meditation; but he soon shook off his sombre mood, raised his head proudly, and thus continued:]

I must hurry to the last scene of the tragedy. I left Naples, travelled with a rapidity seldom equalled, and in an incredibly short time again landed in Ireland.

I left my baggage in Dublin, and travelled the island from east to west in two days, and on the second evening reached the heights above the tower. My jaded horse refused to proceed farther. I dismounted, and took the well-known paths which led across fens and moorland to my father's dwelling. Late as the hour was, lights were gleaming from the casements, and human figures crossed and recrossed them frequently: fancy had nearly induced me to believe that my return was anticipated, and that the lights and bustle in the tower was consequent on preparations for my reception.

I passed the ruined enclosure of what had once been the court-yard. A female servant

was crossing at the instant, addressing a question to a man. "She cannot live," he answered, in an agitated voice. "*She cannot live!*" I wildly exclaimed, and advanced from the cover of the broken wall. The woman screamed—"It is his ghost!" while the man uttered with an oath—"It is himself—God help him!"

Hennessey would have detained me; but I burst from his hold, and entered the hall of the tower. Heedless of the exclamation of welcome which my unexpected appearance drew from the crowd within, I bounded up stairs towards the chamber of my wife. The door was open—I paused upon the threshold, and, horror-struck, gazed on the scene the interior of the apartment disclosed to my view.

Adela, pale as a corpse, was lying on the bed, her head supported by her attendant, and her hand in that of an elderly man. Two old women were standing at her feet. The lights were so disposed as to enable me to see her face distinctly. O God! how changed it was!

The youthful and lustrous beauty of that once lovely countenance was gone—Death had put his pale hand upon her brow, and the sparkle of her dark and lucid eye had given place to a fixed and frenzied stare. The man turned his head, and I recognised my father. I entered silently, and was for a moment unperceived. Adela's dull glance fell upon me. She shrieked; and instantly I was on my knees beside her, covering her faded cheek with kisses. * *

* * * * *

The room was cleared at her request. My father and I alone remained. She had become more composed, and the cordial she had taken from my hand revived her wonderfully. "Maurice," she said, "idol of my soul! hast thou strength and courage to hear my fatal disclosure?" I murmured for her to proceed; but I cannot repeat the desperate story of poor Adela's ruin. The night before I arrived the villain monk, finding that her attendant was to be absent at a village dance, contrived to ad-

minister some damned drug. Adela went to sleep, pure and innocent as an angel. A prayer for *me* was on her lips, when her eyes were sealed in slumber. She awoke as morning dawned, and found herself in the arms of the demon Devereux ! * * * * *

* * * * *

Labour, premature and severe, came on. I was forced from the room. My brain was on fire. I knew not what I did. I fled distractedly from the tower ; and heedless of darkness and a rising storm, rushed madly towards the mountains by that wild path which overhung the precipice, beneath which the disturbed ocean was beating.

The wind, all evening threatening and gusty, was increasing to a gale. The dark clouds careered rapidly across the moon, now revealing, and now obscuring her brilliancy. The storm came on—the darkness grew denser—a few large drops fell on my naked head, and a low

and sullen roll of thunder told that the tempest was on the wing.

I had reached the chasm in the rocks, where the path hung over the sea, and scarcely afforded room for two persons to pass in safety. The ocean lashed the base of the precipice three hundred yards beneath me. I paused on this fearful cliff. I looked down on the little bay, and by a passing gleam of moonlight observed a smuggling vessel at anchor below. Next moment a low whistle was heard among the rocks, and I lay back in a fissure of the cliff, as a man's footsteps approached by an opposite direction.

“Is Phillippi there?” inquired a low and well-remembered voice in French. I cowered closely to the rock, and, tiger-like, waited in my concealment. On came a figure with a cautious and stealthy pace; he neared me, and I folded in my deadly grasp the monk—the murderer of Adela's honour!

Writhing in my arms, he in vain sought for a weapon in his bosom ; but mine was a desperate embrace, and his ribs seemed almost yielding to the pressure. " Have I thee, then, mine enemy ? " I muttered, while my eyes shot at my victim a maniac glare of hate and vengeance—" For the sake of Jesus, spare me—spare me ! " A deadly execration answered the vain appeal.—" Thy jewels are safe, Maurice, I will restore them."—" Jewels ! " I exclaimed ; " the gem does not exist that would buy one drop of thy devoted blood ! " I clenched the villain's throat—still a half uttered prayer escaped for " mercy ! " he struggled hard for life—he strove to fasten his hands around my limbs ; but with a blow I beat him to the ground.

He lay upon the very brow of the precipice : he shrieked in agony — " Mercy !—mercy !—mercy ! " " Mercy ! " I cried ; and my maniac laugh was heard by Hennessey, who was following me. " Mercy ! for the murderer of

Venoni—the destroyer of Adela!” Spurning him with my foot from the path, he crossed the ledge of rock, and next moment the monk was in eternity !

Hennessey carried me back : my strength, which was just now prodigious, had left me, and I was feeble as an infant. From the agony of seeing Adela expire I was saved. In my absence she had given birth to a still-born child, and departed to a better world with my name upon her lips. According to the custom of the country, the body, when laid out, was surrounded by numbers who lamented her ; but I expelled the living from the chamber, and sat down in desperate composure beside the cold remains of what had once teemed with life and loveliness and spirit. * *

* * * * *

She was buried, Jack—I sank into the deepest melancholy, and nightly stole to her grave, and sat on the turf till morning. Many days after, Caracci’s body, foul and disfigured be-

yond imagination, drifted on the beach; the fishermen placed it in the grave. But to my diseased imagination, that caitiff corpse reposing in the same earth, appeared like contaminating the hallowed ground that covered my sainted Adela. That night I disinterred the villain's coffin: with a gigantic effort I carried it to the sea-side, and again committed the felon to the waves; the wind blew freshly from the shore, and I had the miserable satisfaction of knowing that the murderer's bones whitened in the ocean, while his victim's rested in the grave.

* * * * *

My narrative will soon close. The betrayal of his confessor's guilt had a fatal effect upon his wretched dupe, my father. He became at once an idiot, and in a few weeks more, a corpse. For months afterwards I was partially insane: my malady became milder, and its attacks less frequent; and time restored my mental health. I left my country—conveyed the property of the tower and lands to my foster-

brother ; for Adela's valuable jewels were found in the monk's cabinet, which was secured by Hennessey. It would have been conveyed away by the smugglers, who were in attendance upon Devereux ; but his death, and my foster-brother's vigilance, saved it.

The disposal of my wife's effects in London produced a sum of money more than adequate to my wants, and the furtherance of any plan of life I might select. War is the natural refuge for outcasts from happiness like me. I hastened to the continent ; and entering the Prussian service, was present at the disastrous battles of Eylau, Wagram, and Jena. Hennessey, with more than brotherly devotion, would not remain behind. He divided his newly-acquired property among his relatives, and followed my fortunes. His career closed in his first battle. He died sword in hand beside me at Austerlitz. Peace to his ashes !

When the campaign of 1807 closed I left the Prussian service. A moody mind like

mine is ever wayward and unsettled. From war, I retired to solitude; from solitude I plunged into dissipation. For years my life was a series of extremes: now the ascetic of a desert, and now a meteor in society. But war was still my favourite resource. The Peninsular struggle became more sanguinary, and I joined the British army.

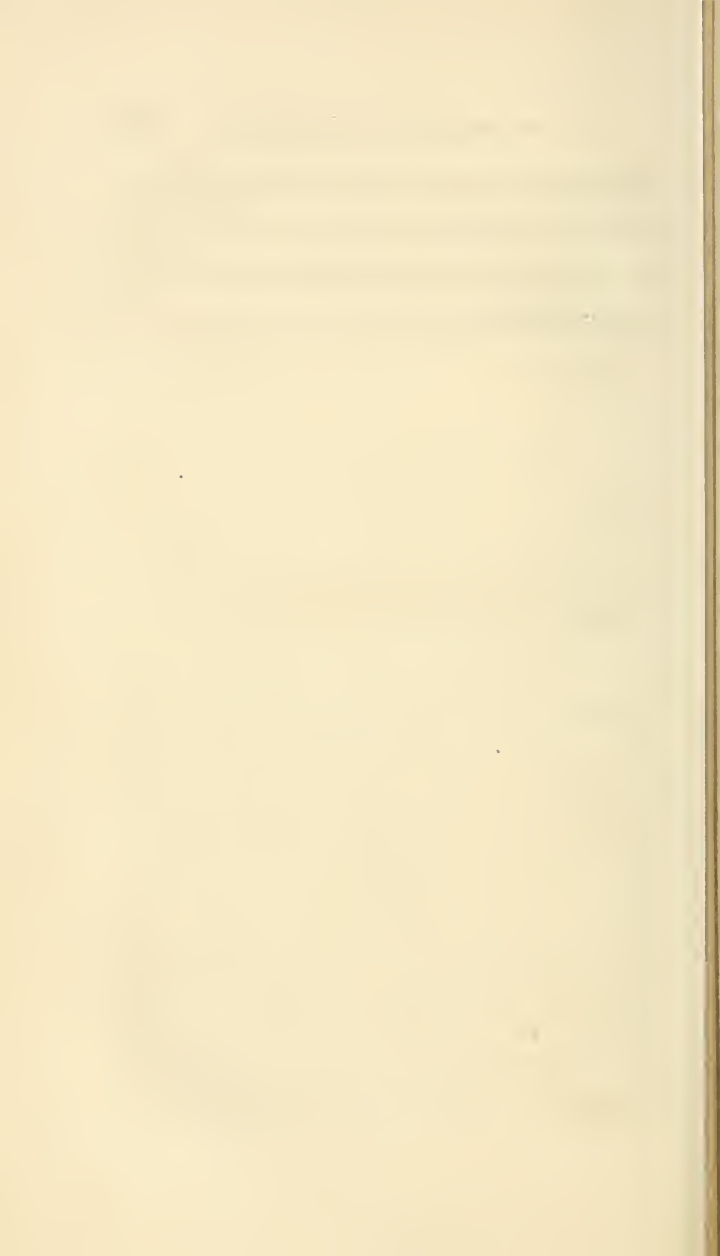
You have now heard my tale: no one but yourself knows the secret history of Maurice Mac Carthy. Few have concealed a broken heart so well; and few have hidden from the cold pity of a faithless world, sorrows that despised its sympathy, and sufferings for which it had no cure. At times, on the anniversary of Adela's death and Caracci's *execution*, my soul sank; and to hide the despondency I could not conquer, I was obliged to retire from society; but you know, Jack, how successfully I combated this mental morbidness, and how soon Mac Carthy resumed his place among those whose hearts and spirits were unbroken.

You are my heir, Jack. You will find at my banker's some money, and Marcella's picture. Where is Adela's ?—where it must perish with me, boy—engraven on this scathed and blighted heart !

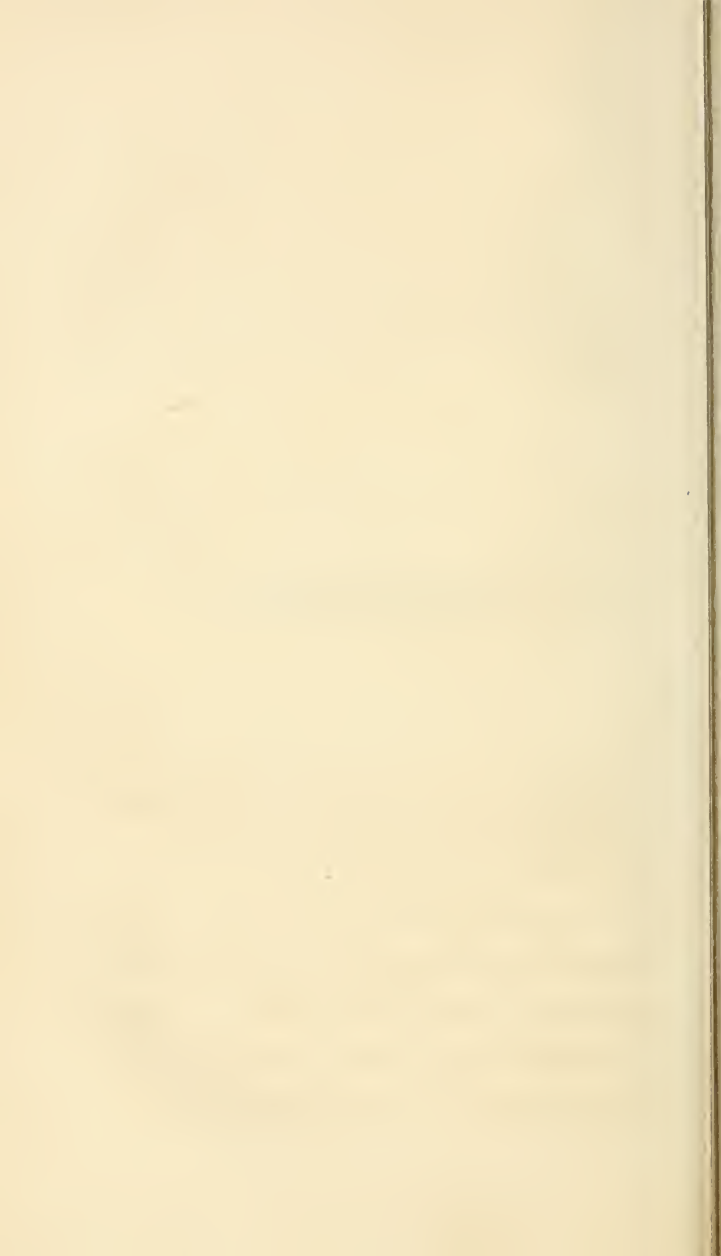
A gun boomed sullenly from the French lines—the signal that morning had broken : bugles and drums replied in different directions : orderlies recalled the advanced pickets ; and Maurice Mac Carthy again was in his saddle.

Hepburn, with astonishment, looked at his fellow-soldier. Was this the narrator of the tale of blood that he had been listening to ? He sat gallantly on his noble horse, and bandied some wild jests with the officer who had recalled the picket. The troop moved off to join the regiment in the rear ; and as the young cornet

viewed the proud and reckless bearing of Mac Carthy, he marvelled, how even that stately and warlike frame could support the broken heart it covered.



WATERLOO.



WATERLOO.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?

GRAY.

WHEN morning broke, the rival armies were visible to each other. It was said that Napoleon betrayed a mixed feeling of surprise and pleasure when it was announced to him that the British army were on the same ground they had occupied the preceding evening. "Ah! Je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!" was his observation; for he believed that Welling-

ton would have retreated, and waited for the advance of the Prussians, rather than hazard a decisive battle, assisted only by the small portion of the allies who fought with the British troops at Waterloo. Little did the French emperor know the man opposed to him; and still less, the *matériel* of the gallant army which the English duke commanded.

Wet and unrefreshed, the soldiers rose from their cheerless bivouac, and commenced preparations for the approaching combat. They cleaned their arms, injured by the rain, and endeavoured to procure the means for cooking their scanty breakfast. The rain still continued, but with less severity than during the preceding night; the wind fell, but the day lowered, and the morning of the 18th was gloomy and foreboding. The British soon recovered from the chill cast over them by the inclemency of the weather; and from the ridge of their position calmly observed the enemy's masses coming up in long succession, and form-

ing their numerous columns on the heights in front of La Belle Alliance.

The bearing of the French was very opposite to the steady and cool determination which marked the feelings of the British soldiery: with the former, all was exultation and arrogant display. With characteristic vanity, they were excited by their imaginary success at Quatre-Bras, and the less equivocal victory at Ligny. Although in point of fact, beaten by the British on the 16th, they tortured the retrograde movement of the duke on Waterloo into a defeat; and winning a field from Blucher, attended with no advantage beyond the capture of a few disabled guns, they declared the Prussian army routed and disorganised, without a prospect of being rallied.

The morning passed in mutual arrangements for battle. The French dispositions for the attack were commenced soon after nine o'clock. The 1st corps, under Count D'Erlon, was in position opposite La Haye Sainte, its right

extending towards Frichermont, and its left leaning on the road to Brussels. The 2nd corps uniting its right with D'Erlon's left, extended to Hougomont, with the wood in its front. The cavalry reserve (the cuirassiers) were immediately in the rear of these corps; and the Imperial Guard forming the grand reserve, were posted on the heights of La Belle Alliance. Count Lobau with the 6th corps, and D'Aumont's cavalry were placed in the rear of the extreme right to check the Prussians,* should they advance from Wavre, and approach by

* There have been conflicting statements, as to whether Buonaparte did or did not know that Bulow was in force in the rear of his right. Ney says, that Labedoyere brought him a message from the Emperor, that Grouchy at seven o'clock had attacked the extreme left of the Anglo-Prussian army; while Girard states, that at nine in the morning Napoleon knew that a Prussian column which had escaped the marshal (Grouchy) was advancing in his rear. Gneisenau affirms, that the 4th Prussian corps (Bulow's) moved from Dion-le-Mont, by Wavre, on Saint Lambert at day-break. Certainly Buonaparte might have been acquainted with its advance early in the day; whether he was or was not, its arrival at Waterloo in the evening decided that day, and his destiny.

the defiles of Saint Lambert. Napoleon's arrangements were completed about half-past eleven, and immediately the order to attack was given.

The place from which Buonaparte viewed the field, was a gentle rising ground beside the farm-house of La Belle Alliance. There he remained for a considerable part of the day, dismounted, pacing to and fro with his hands behind him, receiving communications from his aides-de-camp, and issuing orders to his officers. As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance ; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte.

Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind

La Haye; but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose, and danger threatened, there the duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured; and more than on one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares, the duke was there for shelter.

A slight skirmishing between the French tirailleurs and English light troops had continued throughout the morning; but the advance of a division of the 2nd corps under Jerome Buonaparte against the post of Hougomont, was the signal for the British artillery to open, and was in fact the beginning of the battle of Waterloo. The first gun fired on the 18th was directed by Sir George Wood upon Jerome's advancing column; the last was a French howitzer, at eight o'clock in the evening, turned by a British officer against the routed ruins of that splendid army with which Napoleon commenced the battle.

Hougomont was the key of the duke's position—a post naturally of considerable strength, and care had been taken to increase it. It was garrisoned by the light companies of the Coldstream and 1st and 3rd guards; while a detachment from General Byng's brigade was formed on an eminence behind, to support the troops who defended the house and the wood on its left. Three hundred Nassau riflemen were stationed in the wood and garden; but the first attack of the enemy dispersed them.

To carry Hougomont, the efforts of the 2nd corps were principally directed throughout the day. This fine corps, thirty thousand strong, comprised three divisions; and each of these, in quick succession, attacked the well-defended farm-house. The advance of the assailants was covered by the tremendous cross-fire of nearly one hundred pieces, while the British guns in battery on the heights above returned the cannonade, and made fearful havoc in the dense

columns of the enemy, as they advanced or retired from the attack. Although the French frequently occupied the wood, it afforded them indifferent shelter from the musketry of the troops defending the house and garden; for the trees were slight, and planted far asunder. Foy's division passed entirely through, and gained the heights in the rear; but it was driven back with immense loss by part of the Coldstream and 3rd guards, leaving in its different attempts three thousand of its number in the wood and garden.

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house: the old tower of Hougomont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the guards nobly held the place, and Hougomont remained untaken. It was com-

puted that Napoleon's repeated and desperate attacks upon this post cost him 10,000 men. The British lost 1,000.

The advance of Jerome on the right was followed by a general onset upon the British line. Three hundred pieces of artillery opened their cannonade, and the French columns, in different points, advanced to the attack. Charges of cavalry and infantry, sometimes separately, and sometimes with united force, were made in vain. The British regiments were disposed, individually, in square, with triple files, each placed sufficiently apart to allow its deploying when requisite. The squares were mostly parallel; but a few were judiciously thrown back; and this disposition, when the French cavalry had passed the advanced regiments, exposed them to a flanking fire from the squares behind. The English cavalry were in the rear of the infantry—the artillery was in battery over the line. Waterloo may be easily understood by simply stating, that for ten hours

it was a continued succession of attacks of the French columns on the squares; the British artillery playing upon them as they advanced, and the cavalry charging them when they receded.

But no situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than this disposition in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order—"Close up!—close up!"—marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two,

and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and “feed death,” inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.

At times the temper of the troops had nearly failed ; and, particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of “When will we get at them?” showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the “Be cool, my boys!” from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience, and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive when victory and vengeance would be their own!

While the 2nd corps was engaged at Hougomont, the 1st was directed by Napoleon to penetrate the left centre. Had this attempt

succeeded, the British must have been defeated, as it would have been severed and surrounded. Picton's division was now severely engaged; its position stretched from La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye; in front there was an irregular hedge; but being broken and pervious to cavalry, it afforded but partial protection. The Belgian infantry who were extended in front of the 5th division, gave way, as the leading columns of D'Erlon's corps approached. The French came boldly up to the fence, and Picton with Kempt's brigade as gallantly advanced to meet them.

A tremendous combat ensued. The French and British closed; for the cuirassiers had been received in square, and repulsed with immense loss. Instantly Picton deployed the division into line, and pressing forward to the hedge, received and returned the volley of D'Erlon's infantry, and then crossing the fence, drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The French retreated in close column, while the

5th mowed them down with musketry, and slaughtered them in heaps with their bayonets.

Lord Anglesey seized on the moment, and charging with the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens, burst through every thing that opposed him. Vainly the mailed cuirassier, and formidable lancer, met this splendid body of heavy cavalry. They were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disorganised by the "fighting fifth," fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant charge.

But, alas! like most military triumphs, this had its misfortune to alloy it. Picton fell! But where could the commander of the gallant 5th meet with death so gloriously? He was at the head of his division as it pressed forward; he saw the best troops of Napoleon repulsed; the ball struck him, and he fell from his horse; he heard the Highland lament,

answered by the deep execration of Erin ; and while the Scotch slogan was returned by the Irish hurrah, his fading sight saw his favourite division rush on with irresistible fury. The French column was annihilated, and two thousand dead enemies told how desperately he had been avenged. This was probably the bloodiest struggle of the day. When the attack commenced, and it lasted not an hour, the 5th division exceeded five thousand men ; when it ended, they scarcely reckoned eighteen hundred !

While Picton's division and the heavy cavalry had repulsed D'Erlon's attack on the left, the battle was raging at La Haye Sainte, a post in front of the left centre. This was a rude farmhouse and barn, defended by five hundred German riflemen : the attack was fierce and constant ; and the defence gallant and protracted. While a number of guns played on it with shot and shells, it was assailed by a strong column of infantry. Thrice they were repulsed ; but

the barn caught fire, and the number of the garrison decreasing, it was found impossible from its exposed situation to supply the loss, and throw in reinforcements. Still worse, the ammunition of the rifle corps failed, and reduced to a few cartridges, their fire almost ceased.

Encouraged by this casualty, the French at the fourth attempt stormed the position. Though the doors were burst in, still the gallant Germans held the house with their bayonets; but, having ascended the walls and roof, the French fired on them from above, and, reduced to a handful, the post was surrendered. No quarter was given, and the remnant of the brave riflemen were bayoneted on the spot.

This was, however, the only point where, during this long and sanguinary conflict, Buonaparte succeeded. He became master of a dilapidated dwelling, its roof destroyed by shells, and its walls perforated by a thousand shot-holes; and when obtained, an incessant

torrent of grape and shrapnels from the British artillery on the heights above, rendered its acquisition useless for future operations, and made a persistence in maintaining it a wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguishes it in the history of modern slaughter. Although designated by Napoleon "a day of false manoeuvres;" in reality there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo than in any general action we have on record. Buonaparte's favourite plan was perseveringly followed. To turn a wing or separate a position was his customary system. Both were tried at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre. Hence the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery.

Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks a tremendous sacrifice of hu-

man life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that “ feeble few” showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken, no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—“ How beautifully these English fight ! but they must give way !”

And well did British bravery merit the proud encomium which their enduring courage elicited from Napoleon. For hours, with uniform and unflinching gallantry, had they repulsed the attacks of troops who had proved their superiority over the soldiers of every other nation in Europe. When the artillery united its fire, and poured its exterminating volleys on some devoted regiment, the square, prostrate on the

earth, allowed the storm to pass over them. When the battery ceased, to permit their cavalry to charge and complete the work of destruction, the square was on its feet; no face unformed, no chasm to allow the horseman entrance, but a serried line of impassable bayonets was before him; while the rear ranks threw in their reserved fire with murderous precision. The cuirass was too near the musket to avert death from the wearer. Men and horses fell in heaps: each attempt ended in defeat; and the cavalry retired, leaving their best and boldest before the square, which to them had proved impenetrable.

When the close column of infantry came on, the square had deployed into line. The French were received with a destructive volley, and next moment the wild cheer, which accompanies the bayonet charge, announced that England advanced with the weapon she had always found irresistible. Seldom the French crossed

bayonets with the British; when they did so, the ground, heaped with corpses, attested England's superiority.

But the situation of Wellington momentarily became more critical. Masses of the enemy had fallen, but thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command, and although each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and mounting the ridge with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" exhibited a devotion which never has been equalled. Wellington's reserves had gradually been brought into action, and the left, though but partially engaged, he dared not weaken to send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced. The fifth division, already cut up at Quatre-Bras on the evening of the 18th, presented but a skeleton of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before.

The loss of individual regiments was prodigious.

gious. One* had four hundred men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger; it lost its officers; and a solitary subaltern who remained commanded it for half the day. Another,† when not two hundred were left, rushed into a French column and routed them with the bayonet; and a third,‡ when nearly annihilated, sent to require support: none could be given, and the commanding officer was told that he must “stand or fall where he was!”

No wonder that Wellington almost despaired; he calculated, and justly, that he had an army who would perish where they stood. But when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy, who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blucher?

When evening came on, no doubt Buonaparte began to question the accuracy of his “military

* 27th regiment.

† 92nd regiment.

‡ 33rd regiment.

arithmetic," a phrase happily applied to his meting out death by the hour. Half the day had been consumed in a sanguinary and indecisive conflict; all his disposable troops but the guard had been employed, and still his efforts were foiled; and the British, with diminished numbers, showed the same bold front they had presented at the commencement of the battle. He determined on another desperate attempt upon the whole British line; and while he issued orders to effect it, a distant cannonade announced that a fresh force was approaching to share the action. Napoleon concluded that Grouchy was coming up, and the glad tidings were promptly conveyed to his disheartened columns. But an aide-de-camp quickly removed the mistake, and the emperor received the unwelcome intelligence that the strange force, now distinctly observed debouching from the woods of Saint Lambert, was the advanced guard of a Prussian corps. Buonaparte still appeared, or affected to appear, incredulous;

but he soon ascertained the fatal truth. While the delusive hope of immediate relief was industriously circulated among his troops, he despatched Count Lobau with the 6th corps to employ the Prussians, and in person directed a general attack upon the British line.

Meanwhile the Prussian advance debouched from the wood of Frichermont; and the operations of Blucher on the rear of Napoleon's right flank became alarming. If Blucher established himself there in force, unless his success against the British in his front was rapid and decisive, or that Grouchy came promptly to his relief, Buonaparte knew well that his situation would be hopeless. Accordingly he directed the 1st and 2nd corps and all his cavalry reserves against the duke, and the French mounted the heights once more, and the British were attacked from right to left. A dreadful and protracted encounter followed; for an hour the contest was sustained; and, like the preceding ones, it was a sanguinary succession of deter-

mined attack and obstinate resistance. The impetuosity of the French onset at first obtained a temporary success. The English light cavalry were driven back, and for a time a number of the guns were in the enemy's possession; but the British rallied: again the French were forced across the ridge, and retired to their original ground, without effecting any permanent impression.

It was now five o'clock; the Prussian reserve cavalry under Prince William was warmly engaged with Count Lobau. Bulow's corps, with the 2nd, under Pirch, were approaching rapidly through the passes of Saint Lambert; and the 1st Prussian corps, advancing by Ohain, had already begun to operate on Napoleon's right. Bulow pushed forward towards Aywre, and opening his fire on the French, succeeded in driving them from the opposite heights.

The Prussian left, acting separately, advanced upon the village of Planchenait, and

attacked Napoleon's rear. The French maintained their position with great gallantry ; and the Prussians being obstinate in their attempts to force the village, produced a bloody and prolonged combat. Napoleon's right had begun to recede before the 1st Prussian corps ; and his affairs, generally, assumed a disastrous appearance, which nothing but immediate success against the British, or instant relief from Grouchy, could remedy. The imperial guard, his last and best resource, were ordered up. Formed in close column, Buonaparte in person advanced to lead them on ; but dissuaded by his staff, he paused near the bottom of the hill, and to Ney, that "spoiled child of fortune," the conduct of this redoubted body was entrusted.

In the interim, as the French right fell back, the British moved gradually forward, and converging from the extreme points of Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, compressed their extent of line, and nearly assumed the form of

a crescent. The guards were considerably advanced, and having deployed behind the crest of the hill, lay down to avoid the cannonade with which Napoleon covered the onset of his best troops. Ney, with his proverbial gallantry, led on the middle guard ; and Wellington put himself at the head of some wavering regiments and in person brought them forward, and restored their confidence. As the imperial guard approached the crest where the household troops were couching, the British artillery, which had gradually converged upon the *chaussée*, opened with canister-shot. The distance was so short, and the range so accurate, that each discharge fell with deadly precision into the column as it breasted the hill. Ney, with his customary heroism, directed the attack ; and when his horse was killed, on foot, and sword-in-hand, he headed the veterans, whom he had so often cheered to victory. Although the leading files of the guard were

swept off by the exterminating fire of the English batteries, still their undaunted intrepidity carried them forward, and they gallantly crossed the ridge.

Then came the hour of British triumph. The magic word was spoken—"Up, guards, and at them!" In a moment they were on their feet : then waiting till the French closed, they delivered a tremendous volley, cheered, and rushed forward with the bayonet. Wellington in person directed the attack. With the 42nd and 95th he threw himself on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant leader attempted to rally the recoiling guard : driven down the hill, they were intermingled with the old guard, who formed at the bottom in reserve.

In their unfortunate *melée*, the British cavalry seized on the moment of confusion, and plunging into the mass, cut down and disorganised the regiments which had hitherto been

unbroken. The British artillery ceased firing, and those who had escaped the iron shower of the guns, fell beneath sabre and bayonet.

The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed; and closing his telescope, commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: forming four deep, on came the British:—wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

But, panic-struck and disorganised, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the

British bayonet was flashing in their front ; and unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying ; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten ; and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck—a terror-stricken multitude. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout !"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

————— wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men ;
For many—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY V.

THE last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated ; and the dynasty of that proud spirit for whom Europe was too little, was over.

Night came, but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon ; and the moon

rose upon the "broken host," to light the victors to their prey. The British forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives, and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance), and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed gradually, and at Genappe ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farmhouses of Caillon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry, some miles further on, halted, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge. The memory of former defeat, insult, and op-

pression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced, and thousands beside those who perished in the field fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devo-

tion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery than during the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown

every power that had hitherto opposed it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was entrusted; and Wellington, at midnight, returned to Waterloo across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as, "by the pale moonlight," he unwillingly surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed by, and that he bitterly lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view, for mortal suffering in all its terrible variety was fright-

fully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands--with them human pain and agony were over;--but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were laid upon the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man. Thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,

“Yerk'd out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice.”

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery, and war equipages, was so much cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring the wounded from the field. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and rendered the efforts of Belgic humanity both slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, "war's worst results" were visible. The struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the city. Many, however, had perished in the attempt; and dying on the roadside, covered the causeway with their bodies. Pits, rudely dug, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat; and the same sod, at the verge of the forest, covered "the horse and his rider."

When such evidence of destruction was ap-

parent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented ! Fancy may conceive it ; but description must necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying ! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth ; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon-wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords ; all the variety of military ornaments ; lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles ; but, good God ! why dwell on the harrowing picture of "a foughten field ?"—each and every ruinous display bore a mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of a field of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and

hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the imperial guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

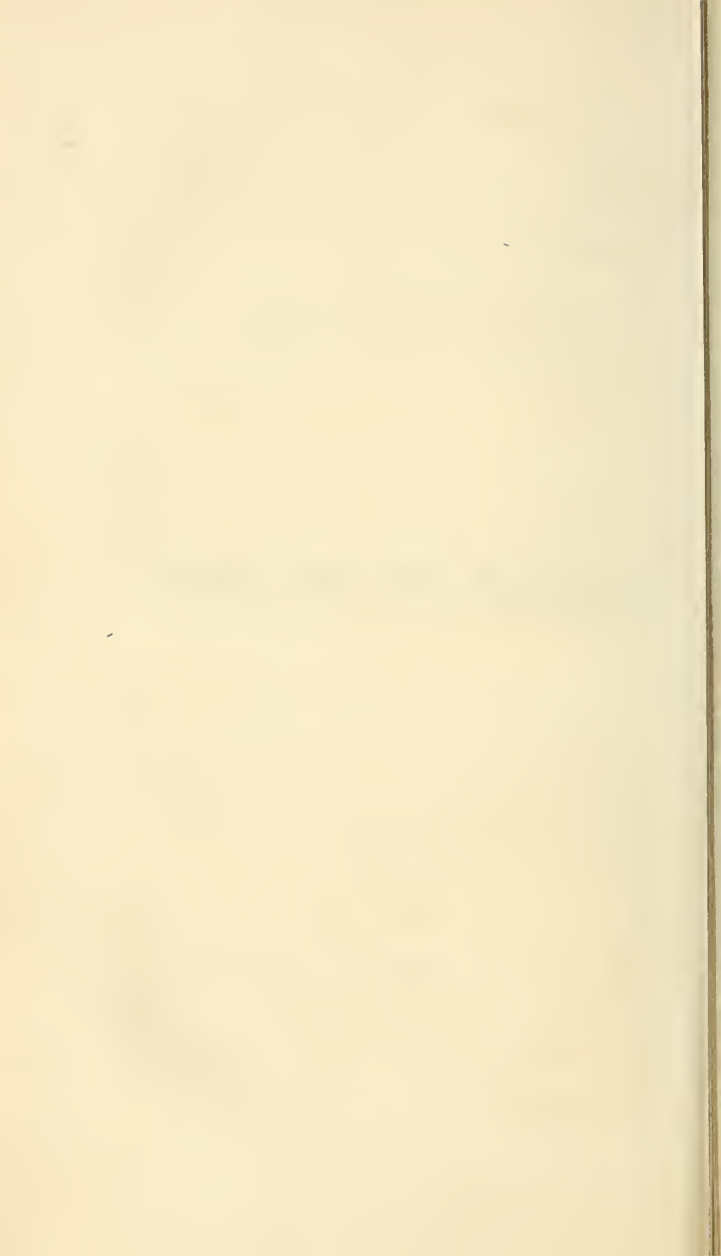
On the summit of the ridge, where the ground lay cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the imperial guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated. The advance and repulse of the guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made. The old guard, when the middle battalions had been forced

back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganised companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet had closed the contest.

It was at the first light of morning that a solitary party were employed in the place we have described, examining the dead, who there lay thickly. They were no plunderers: one, wrapped in a cloak, directed the researches of the rest, who seemed acting under the stranger's control, and from their dress appeared to be Belgian peasants. Suddenly, the muffled person uttered a wild cry, and rushing over a pile of corpses, hurried to a spot where a soldier was seated beside a fallen officer. Feeble as his own strength was, he had exerted it to protect the wounded man. His musket was placed beside him for defence, and his own sufferings seemed forgotten in his solicitude for the person he was watching. The noise occa-

sioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer ; he feebly raised his head, “ It is herself ! ” he faintly muttered ; and next moment sank in the arms of Lucy Davidson !

NAPOLEON AND HIS ARMY.



NAPOLEON AND HIS ARMY.

Oh ! such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

SHAKSPEARE.

THE French army, at the opening of this short and disastrous campaign, amounted, by the best accounts, to upwards of 150,000 men. Of this number 25,000 were cavalry, and 7,500 artillery, composed of veteran troops, with a park of three hundred pieces : in splendid *matériel* and military equipment it had never been surpassed.

Although Buonaparte commenced offensive operations only on the 14th, the night of the 18th left him without an army; and a campaign of four days' duration had closed his martial career. Of that magnificent force, with which he had crossed the frontier in all the exultation of anticipated victory, what re-entered France?—straggling bands of heartless fugitives, cavalry without horses, and infantry without either clothes or arms. The cannon remained with the conquerors, and the ruins of the proud corps which had so lately left Phillipville and Avesnes, returned to these points of reunion in such a state of disorganisation, as clearly showed to their amazed countrymen how complete the defeat of Waterloo had been.

When Napoleon's last hope, the old guard, was broken, his face became deadly pale; and retiring a short distance from the place he occupied during the final attack, he saw the British cavalry mixing in the crowd, and com-

pleting its destruction. Turning to his staff, he exclaimed—"À présent c'est fini :—sauvons nous ;"—and galloped off towards Charle-roi, accompanied by his aides-de-camp and guide.

He reached Genappe at half past nine ; and here his flight was so materially retarded, as to render his chance of escape more than doubtful. The single street which forms the village was already crowded with fugitives, and was almost impassable from the equipages, cannon, and caissons, which, from the terror of the drivers, had been either overturned on the causeway, or been so confused with each other as to become inextricable. Through the wreck of his artillery he at last effected a passage, and hurrying on to Quatre-Bras, proceeded with great rapidity. There was another bridge across the river, with which Da Costa was unacquainted, and thus from the ignorance of his conductor, Napoleon was directed to the defile of Genappe, and narrowly escaped being

made prisoner. He seemed fully aware of his critical situation, and dreaded to find the Prussians before him at Quatre-Bras, or hear the bugles of their light cavalry in his rear. At Gossillies, however, he recovered his tranquillity; and dismounting from his horse, proceeded on foot to Charleroi. He passed through that town without delay, and continued his flight to the meadow of Marcinelle on the road to Paris, and there he halted with his staff.

His attendants pitched a tent upon the green, and lighted a fire. A sack of corn was loosely thrown on the ground, and the jaded horses of the fugitive group were permitted to refresh themselves. Wine and food having been procured, Napoleon partook of both; and this was the first nourishment he had received since he had breakfasted at eight o'clock at the farmhouse of Bossu.

From the moment he left his last position in front of Belle Alliance, till he rested at the

bridge of Marcinelle, he preserved a gloomy silence. The observations of his staff when obstacles occurred upon the road, had been noticed by a sullen reply; but now standing with his back to the fire, and his hands in their customary position behind his back, he conversed freely with his aides-de-camp. About two in the morning he called for his horse; his staff immediately mounted theirs, and Bertrand having procured a fresh guide, dismissed the Belgic peasant, Da Costa, and presenting him with a single Napoleon, left him on foot to find his way back as he best could.

Absurd stories have been circulated, imputing pusillanimity to Napoleon during the battle of Mont St. Jean. No charge could be more ridiculous and unfounded. The evidence of Da Costa sufficiently proves that Buonaparte was frequently exposed to imminent peril; and that throughout the day in all the fluctuations of the battle, he manifested a calm

and collected demeanour, which evinced a disregard of personal danger; his dispositions were clearly and deliberately made, and his orders issued as coolly as if he directed a review. Frequently the gallantry of the British elicited his warmest admiration. "How steadily those infantry take their ground! how splendidly the cavalry form!—*Quelles braves troupes!*" And as the chasms made in the squares by his artillery were coolly and rapidly filled up, he was heard to exclaim with unfeigned delight, "*Comme ils se travaillent! très bien, braves troupes, très bien!*"

When his guide, terrified by the storm of bullets which whistled over them, betrayed his uneasiness, "Be steady, my friend," said Napoleon calmly, "a ball will find the back as readily as it will the front;" and pulling out his snuffbox, presented it to his trembling companion. Surely, then, the man who could examine an enemy's movements under a heavy fire, and coolly express his admiration, who

could remark a defective cannon* in a battery, and in person with his own hands adjust its range; and could combat the terrors of a peasant, while a storm of shot fell round them;—to tax the courage of this man, must proceed alone from malignant motives, or absolute fatuity.

From the meadow of Marcinelle Buonaparte hurried on to Paris. He arrived in the capital late in the evening of the 20th, and remained in great retirement at the Tuileries until he finally left the city.

If the bravery of the British army could be enhanced by any circumstances connected with the battle of Waterloo, other than its victory, it would arise from the matchless intrepidity of the troops they had defeated. Wellington

* "Here there was on each side of the road a battery, and perceiving that one of the cannons on the left battery did not play well, he dismounted, ascended the height of the road, advanced to the third piece, and rectified the error while the bullets were hissing around him."—*Da Costa's Narrative.*

has borne honourable testimony to the gallantry of his opponents ; and many individual instances are recorded of enthusiastic attachment to Napoleon, and a devotion to his person, which neither sufferings nor defeat could overcome.

The efforts of the French cavalry are described by British officers to have been throughout the conflict “ unparalleled.” — “ They swept along the whole line of our artillery, and passing fearlessly among the squares, received the fire of the guns and the musketry of the infantry. Failing of success, after brave but fruitless efforts, they were forced to retire, followed by the British horse pellmell.”

Again, another officer continues—“ The repeated charges of the enemy’s noble cavalry were similar to the first ; each was fruitless ; not an infantry-man moved ; and on each charge, abandoning their guns, our artillerymen sheltered themselves between the flanks

of the squares. Twice, however, the enemy tried to charge in front: these attempts were entirely frustrated by the fire of our guns, wisely reserved till the hostile squadrons were within twenty yards of the muzzles."

The final charge is thus described. "This brigade, (horse artillery,) about the close of the day, was stationed on the right of our guards commanded by Captain Napier, after Captain Bolton's fall, when the imperial guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half past seven o'clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions, nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns. Orders were given to load with canister-shot; and literally five rounds were fired from each gun, with this destructive species of shot, before they showed the least symptom of giving way."

Nor was the desperate courage of the celebrated guard of Napoleon superior to that of

his heavy cavalry. "The cuirassiers* often walked their horses on all sides of a square, to find an opening through which they might penetrate. Sometimes, with a degree of courage worthy of admiration, a few of them would ride out of the ranks and fire their pistols at our men and officers, hoping to provoke a return of fire from the face of the square, which would have rendered it an easy prey."

Another anecdote is mentioned by the same author. "So rapid and impetuous were the assaults of the cavalry, that our guns were frequently in their possession, the artillery-men being forced to seek shelter in the squares behind. But the well-directed fire of the infantry, and the charges of the cavalry, who rushed forward at every opportunity, prevented them from ever removing any of the cannon.

"On one occasion, the activity of two artillery

* Mudford's Hist. Account, &c.

officers enabled a single gun to do much execution. As often as the enemy's squadrons retired, these officers, issuing from the square, loaded and fired the gun, which was sure to destroy six or eight. This manœuvre was repeated several times, when the French officer (a colonel of cuirassiers) who commanded the corps, by a noble act of self-devotion, saved his men from at least one discharge. As the squadron recoiled, he placed himself singly by the piece, and waved his sword as if to defy any one to approach it. He was killed by a Brunswick rifleman."

A still stronger instance of determined personal attachment is taken from the letter of a commissary.* "We have picked up several wounded. I cannot omit a circumstance which occurred yesterday; while on the field among the wounded, we discovered a French soldier most dreadfully cut down the face, and one of

* Booth's Narrative.

his legs broken by a musket-ball. Common humanity induced me to offer him assistance : he eagerly requested some drink : having a flask of weak gin-and-water I had taken purposely for the wounded, I gave it him, and could not help observing how many thousands had suffered for the ambition of one man. He returned me the flask, and looking with a savage pride on the dead bodies that lay in heaps around him, he cried as strongly as his weakness would allow him, ‘ Vive Napoleon ! la gloire de la France ! ’ ”

Surely when such heroism was displayed in the field, and such enthusiasm in the agonies of death, it should be Wellington’s proudest boast that he beat the man who could excite, and the army that could exhibit, this desperate devotion !

The news of the disastrous field of Mont Saint Jean reached the French capital with extraordinary despatch. Bad as it was in reality, rumour had added to its extent, Grouchy’s

corps was said to be surrounded beyond the chance of extrication; and no hope remained for France, as the allies were advancing by forced marches; and masking some fortresses, and carrying others by assault, a few days would bring them before the gates of Paris.

When Grouchy separated from Napoleon on the morning of the 17th, his *corps d'armée* amounted to forty thousand men. His directions were to prevent a junction of the Prussians with the British. He reached Gembloux shortly after the Prussian rear-guard had left it, on their route to Wavre. Early next day (the 18th) Excelman's cavalry came up with the enemy at Baraque, and Grouchy arriving with Vandamme's division, the marshal pressed on towards Wavre, his 2nd corps of cavalry having defeated and driven back the Prussian rear. At one o'clock the cannonade at Waterloo was distinctly heard, and Girard urged Grouchy to pass the Dyle, and leaving a corps of observation before the Prussians, to march with his

whole force to Napoleon's assistance. Vandamme, on the other hand, advised the marshal to press on at once for Brussels. Thus circumstanced, Grouchy allowed the day to pass in useless attempts to bring the Prussians to action; and when one of the many officers despatched by Napoleon to apprise him (Grouchy) of his danger, and to hurry up his *corps d'armée* to his assistance, arrived, it was six o'clock in the evening, and the time for effect was past. Grouchy crossed the Dyle at Limale; but Waterloo was already won.

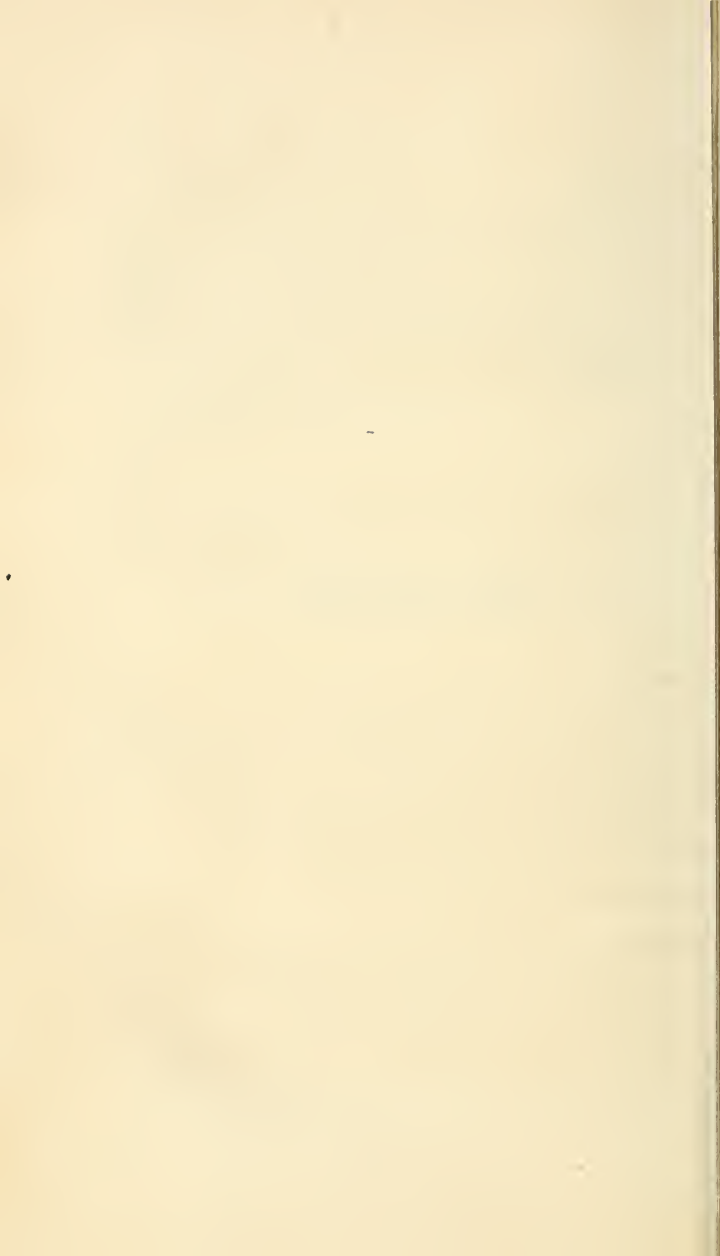
On the 19th, in the forenoon, the marshal learned the fatal tidings of Napoleon's defeat: his intended operations against Brussels were abandoned, and he repassed the Dyle in four divisions, by Wavre, Limale, Limilet, and Ottignies. That evening Excelman's cavalry reached Namur, and Grouchy joined him there next day. Although rapidly pursued and vigorously attacked, he obstinately defended Namur; and Vandamme's corps, which formed

the French rear-guard, severely checked the Prussians. Grouchy retired by Dinant; and after, as acknowledged by his enemies, a masterly retreat, he brought his army to Paris in eight days, and sustained but a trifling loss.

Much obloquy has been cast on Grouchy by Napoleon and his partisans. To his delay has been attributed the loss of Waterloo. But would the marshal have been authorised, after Napoleon's direct instructions to the contrary, to leave the Dyle, and abandon the pursuit of the Prussian corps, to follow which he had been specially detached? Had he turned to the left, and, adopting Girard's advice, pushed forward without delay on the 18th, and come up to Napoleon's assistance, Waterloo might have terminated, for that day, in a drawn battle. But surely the Prussian corps would have united with Wellington during the night; and the Anglo-Prussians would have become the assailants in the morning with an army numerically superior to Napoleon's.

Without laying claim to superhuman knowledge, we may be allowed to affirm that the defeat of Buonaparte, when attacked on the 19th by the allies, would have been just as certain and decisive as it was when he assailed Wellington the previous day.

BRUSSELS.



BRUSSELS.

O come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer
On the soft couch of joy and love !

SPENCER.

EARLY on the 19th of June the Duke of Wellington resumed his operations, and crossing the frontier, directed his march on Paris by Binch, Malplaquet, and La Cateau Cambresis. Sir Charles Colville's brigade, composed of the sixth British and sixth Hanoverians, formed a corps of observation, and were stationed at Halle during the battle of Waterloo, for the purpose of protecting Brussels, and preventing a division of French cavalry, detached by Napoleon on the evening of the 17th, from getting in

Wellington's rear by the roads of Enghien and Brain le Comte. Colville's brigade were immediately pushed forward, and forming the right of the army, they advanced by Cambray, which they carried by assault on the evening of the 24th. Peronne, the virgin fortress of France, was stormed next day by the guards, under General Maitland; and on the 30th the duke's advanced cavalry were under the walls of Paris.

Meanwhile Gnesineau, with the Prussian light troops, was marching in pursuit of Grouchy. The marshal conducted his retreat with great skill; and notwithstanding the vigorous operations of his active enemy, his loss, principally in cannon, was inconsiderable. Blucher, leaving his 2nd corps to besiege or mask the fortresses of Maubeuge, Landrecy, and Phillipville, took possession of Saint Quentin without opposition. Guise fell to Ziethen, who had defeated part of Grouchy's corps at Villers Cotterets; and on the 29th, the indefatigable

Blucher, who had gained a day's march upon the Duke of Wellington, halted in front of the French position between St. Denis and Vincennes, where, including Grouchy's corps, which had retreated by Dinant and Soissons, the enemy, amounting to 60,000 men, were strongly posted.

Here the operations of the allies may be stated to have terminated. On that evening Napoleon left his capital, never to return. After several days of indecision, and numerous projects for escaping from France had been discussed, and partially attempted, the fallen conqueror of Europe surrendered to a British naval captain. He approached the English shores, not the leader of an invading army, and accompanied by a countless armada, but an exile and a captive, attended only by that faithful few whose devotion survived the adversity of their master and the overthrow of his power. He came not as a spoiler, but a suppliant. The pride of conquest, the hopes of ambition,

with him were ended. He sought an asylum in the land of his enemy:—a calm spot of repose, wherein to pass the evening of a life, wearied as much by the splendour of his victories as the immensity of his reverses. That request was refused; his prayer was rejected. He was sent to solitude—to exile—to death!

Great God! how could England stoop from her height of pride, and deny a shelter to her humbled enemy? That dark stain will rest on British honour when all the actors are laid in the dust; and, when the meridian blaze of Napoleon's fame shall be contrasted with his fall, to point a moral of the uncertainty of human greatness. Then shall that mean act of national jealousy be lamented by posterity; that act, which compromised the dignity of England, and dimmed the glory of the field of Waterloo!

While the conquerors pressed on to fresh successes, and without a check to arrest their career, consummated this short but splendid campaign by taking possession of the capital,

and restoring her ancient dynasty to France, "Pale Brussels," while exulting in her deliverance, was doomed to witness those scenes of human misery ever consequent on war. The victors of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Mont St. Jean, rested in Paris, the trophy of their conquest. The spoils of Europe, the proud memorials of a hundred "foughten fields," had now become theirs; and while thousands lay beneath the red turf of Waterloo, or pined in the hospitals of Belgium, in Paris there was joy and pride and exultation, and all but the glory of their victory was forgotten.

Brussels, from the departure of the troops on the morning of the 16th, until the conclusion of the day of Waterloo, presented a fearful scene of anxiety and alarm. The proximity of the city to the field of battle rendered its situation most perilous, as, in the event of the British arms proving unsuccessful, it would have fallen a prey to violence and rapine. Every hour added to the general apprehension, and each

messenger as he came in, brought such conflicting intelligence, that instead of removing the public anxiety, it only tended to confirm the universal dismay. At length a distant cannonade was faintly heard ; it increased, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the sustained roar of artillery announced that the battle had begun.

Contradictory reports were circulated, according to the temper and feelings of the narrators. With some, the scene of battle was stated to be six miles distant ; others increased it to six-and-twenty. One courier brought the news of Napoleon's defeat ; the next, intelligence of his immediate approach, and that the British army were routed and retreating. At six in the evening a wounded officer rode in ; he left the field of battle ; the fight was then raging, and the troops who had marched in the morning from the city were engaged at Quatre-Bras, covering the plain with their dead, and scattering destruction around them.

Another hour passed, and another came from "the field of the slain:"—the British were outnumbered; Blucher fiercely engaged with Napoleon; neither the English cavalry nor artillery had come up; the gallant few were falling fast; but, impervious to the frequent and desperate attempts of a superior enemy, they remained unbroken, and "all went well."

Evening advanced; numbers of distracted women crowded the streets, or wandered on the ramparts. The roar of cannon became louder and more continued: it seemed, in the stillness of the night, to be approaching, but with the darkness it became fainter, less frequent, and at last totally died away.

The battle was over: it was night, and still the fortune of the field was uncertain. Some Belgian stragglers came in, and the alarm they created was unbounded; they reported that the British were defeated, and the French were actually advancing by the forest of Soignies to attack the town. Fortunately a troop of

horse artillery at the moment passed through the streets on its way to the village of Waterloo; and thus, by moving forward to the army, proved that the British still held their ground.

It was a long and dismal night: none slept, and few even retired to bed. Morning came, and an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington arrived soon after, and brought the welcome news, that in spite of numerical superiority, the want of cavalry and cannon, and other discouraging contingencies, the British infantry had withstood the repeated attacks of Ney; and when night put a stop to the conflict, the French retired upon the plains of Fleurus, leaving them masters of the field.

In Brussels, many a fair bosom was agonised with apprehension, and wives and daughters and mistresses waited in torturing suspense for some intelligence from the beings they loved best. As the day advanced, the wounded began to come in; and it was a melancholy sight to see women recognising among those muti-

lated wretches, those whom but yesterday they parted from in the pride of beauty, strength, and manhood.

Among the many who crowded the park and ramparts, for community of misfortune had removed the distinctions of society, and females of exalted rank were seen intermingled with the soldiers' wives, in the hope of learning the fate of their beloved ones, a girl whose beauty and appearance were remarkable, attracted the notice of the rest, by seeming to be more wretched than themselves. There was an expression of agony in her countenance, as each waggon with the wounded arrived, which elicited the compassion of the crowd. She examined every equipage attentively, and listened in breathless anxiety to the narratives of all who came from the field of death. At last a long string of tilted carts filled the streets: "It is the 28th!" exclaimed the wife of a Highland soldier. "Blessed be God! my Donald is not there." These words were hardly uttered

when the young female rushed forward to the foremost vehicle. A fine-looking man in a serjeant's uniform was being assisted from it by some Belgian peasants; and next moment he was folded in the embrace of a woman, whose beauty and situation created a general interest.

“O God! how pale he is!” she murmured, as she removed her lips from his, and continued gazing on his death-like features with looks of indescribable affection. The wounded man raised himself feebly in her arms, and with a faint voice replied :—

“Fear not, love; believe me, I am not badly wounded; I am exhausted by loss of blood, and the painful motion of the waggon.—Give me some water!”

His wife, with trembling hands, placed the cup to his lips. He drank eagerly.—“Let me rest, love, for a little, and I shall be well presently.” They placed him on a knapsack, and the lady we have before described approached the wounded serjeant.

“ Soldier,” she said, and as she asked the question a slight convulsion was visible on her handsome face—“ Soldier, has your regiment suffered much ?”

“ Alas! lady,” said the serjeant, “ half of the gallant 28th are stretched to rise no more!”

“ O God!” She paused, apparently to recover nerve to continue her inquiries ;—“ Is—is—Captain Kennedy among the dead ?”

“ No, lady—he lives, but he is wounded.”

“ Is he here ?” was quickly asked.

“ He is not,” said the soldier. “ He remains with the remnant of our gallant regiment. He was slightly wounded early in the battle, and in the afternoon a ball passed through his arm. I bound it with a handkerchief; for he would not go to the rear, and I remained beside him till the last charge, which left us masters of the field. There, as through the battle, his foot was foremost in the charge, his voice the loudest in the cheer. I was struck again, and fainted for loss of blood; and when all was over, Cap-

tain Kennedy with one arm, for the other was in a sling, assisted me into the cart."

The lady listened without interrupting the serjeant, and then silently offered up a prayer to Heaven. Turning to the soldier's companion, she looked anxiously at her countenance as if she recognised the features—"Is this your wife?"

"I am," said the young woman, as she proudly raised her head, "and I would not give what I now hold in my arms for a kingdom;" and stooping over her husband, she again pressed him gently to her bosom.

"Where is your residence?" said the lady, and on being told the street, she put a piece of gold into the hands of the Belgian who drove the cart, and desired him to remove the soldier to his quarters. Then placing the remainder of her purse in the lap of the serjeant's wife, she left them, followed by their prayers and blessings.

Lucy Davidson, for she was the inquirer,

hurried to the hotel she lived in, and when she found herself in her apartment and alone, she burst into tears, and indulged in all the fulness of a woman's sorrow. Deep as her distress was, a ray of hope, however feeble, brightened the gloom of her previous despair; Kennedy, the suspected, ill-used Kennedy, was still living, and it was possible that even yet they might be happy and reunited.

Poor Lucy was to be pitied: she was a noble high-minded girl, an enthusiast in temper; no wonder her love was tinged with romance. She had long cherished her first passion for young Kennedy. She had seen him as he came from his retired home, ignorant of man, and a stranger to the world; she loved the unsophisticated youth; and with natural pride she followed the brave career of the object of her love as he rose in reputation and won a gallant name in arms.

The strange dislike evinced towards Frank Kennedy by his uncle prevented the possibility

of any intercourse subsisting between Lucy and her lover: absence, a long and painful separation intervened, and those circumstances which in common minds would have erased earlier impressions, strengthened the ardent and romantic passion of Lucy Davidson. When, on the death of Duncan, fortune and freewill were given her, her long-concealed but cherished love, prompted her to hasten to the continent, and in person announce her constancy. Under the protection which she was fortunate in obtaining, of the lady of a staff-officer of distinction, she came to Belgium.

But, alas! a series of singular mistakes blighted her hopes in the very outset. The packet was crowded: amid a multitude of military names, that of her lover was casually mentioned. He was no longer the brave and chivalrous soldier; he had become a male flirt, a professed lady-killer. She landed at Ostend, and there she heard of Kennedy. She proceeded to Bruges, and Kennedy was again the

theme: if fame told truth, that man's wife, and this man's daughter had favoured the successful libertine. She stopped at Ghent; the eternal Captain Kennedy had been there; and Brussels consummated his renown, and her wretchedness.

But all the while Lucy was unnecessarily miserable. There was a second person bearing the same rank and name as her lover. The lady-killer was in Brussels, and the puppy-dragon, the "carpet knight,"

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knew
More than a spinster—

was unhappily mistaken for the leader of the forlorn hope at Badajos. Poignant as her disappointment was, Lucy determined to learn the change of her lover's sentiments and character from no lips but his own. In their interview in the park she half doubted his apostasy; but the warm language she accidentally overheard him use to Lady Harriette Clavering in the

ball-room fatally confirmed her mistake. When she went to his hotel to reproach him for his falsehood, and leave him for ever, Kennedy was unfortunately absent, in vain pursuit of his eccentric mistress; and Mac Dermott's unlucky friendship increased a jealousy which the mal-apropos appearance of Dwyer's wife confirmed. Poor Lucy left the soldier's hotel heart-broken; and the immediate march of the 28th regiment to battle precluded any chance of her being undeceived.

But the proofs of Kennedy's innocence came fast upon his now half-distracted mistress. While poor Frank was marching to the field, the lady-killer had levanted to the Hague with his colonel's wife; and only too late, she learned enough of her lover's character, to prove how much she had injured him, when she arraigned his fidelity. Regret was unavailing, and she endured the misery of knowing she was near him; and while conscious of his danger, and aware that he was suffering from

bodily pain, she had the additional feelings of remorse to contend with, as she had ascertained the mental distress her unfortunate jealousy had occasioned.

There was, however, a buoyancy of spirit in Lucy Davidson which rose with the exigency of the moment. A general engagement was inevitable; and at noon on the 18th the tremendous roar of artillery conveyed the dreadful tidings to the trembling inhabitants of the city that the battle had begun. To provide for Kennedy's safety was now Lucy's only care; and with extraordinary coolness, she made all necessary preparation to succour him if wounded; or if he fell, to pay him the last sad rights of sepulture. A carriage and attendants were engaged and kept in readiness; and while others were anxiously securing the means of flight, Kennedy's faithful mistress was fearlessly awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. When day broke on the 19th she left Brussels, and directed by a wounded

soldier of the 28th, she traced her road over the field of death, till on the scene of the last grand struggle of the preceding evening she found the object of her love.

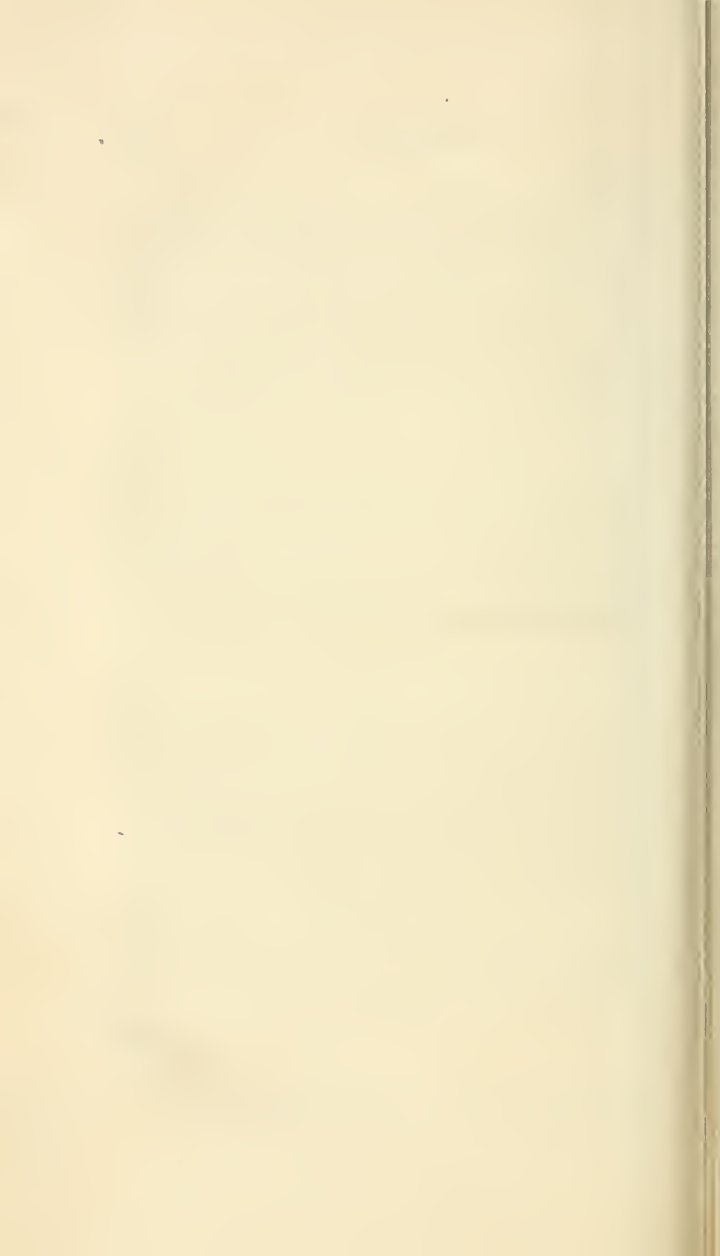
He was feeble from exhaustion, and chilled by exposure to the cold. Carty, who bore the marks of more than one French sabre on his person, was seated beside his master with a loaded musket across his knee; and while the dead around them had been already stripped and plundered, it was evident that the marauders had kept at a respectful distance from Pat Carty and the wounded grenadier.

We shall not describe the meeting of lovers so long separated, and so strangely reunited. Noon found Frank Kennedy comfortably established in the Hotel Royale; and when, after a long and refreshing sleep, he awoke late in the evening, Lucy Davidson was hanging over his pillow, and the first voice he heard was that of his affianced bride.

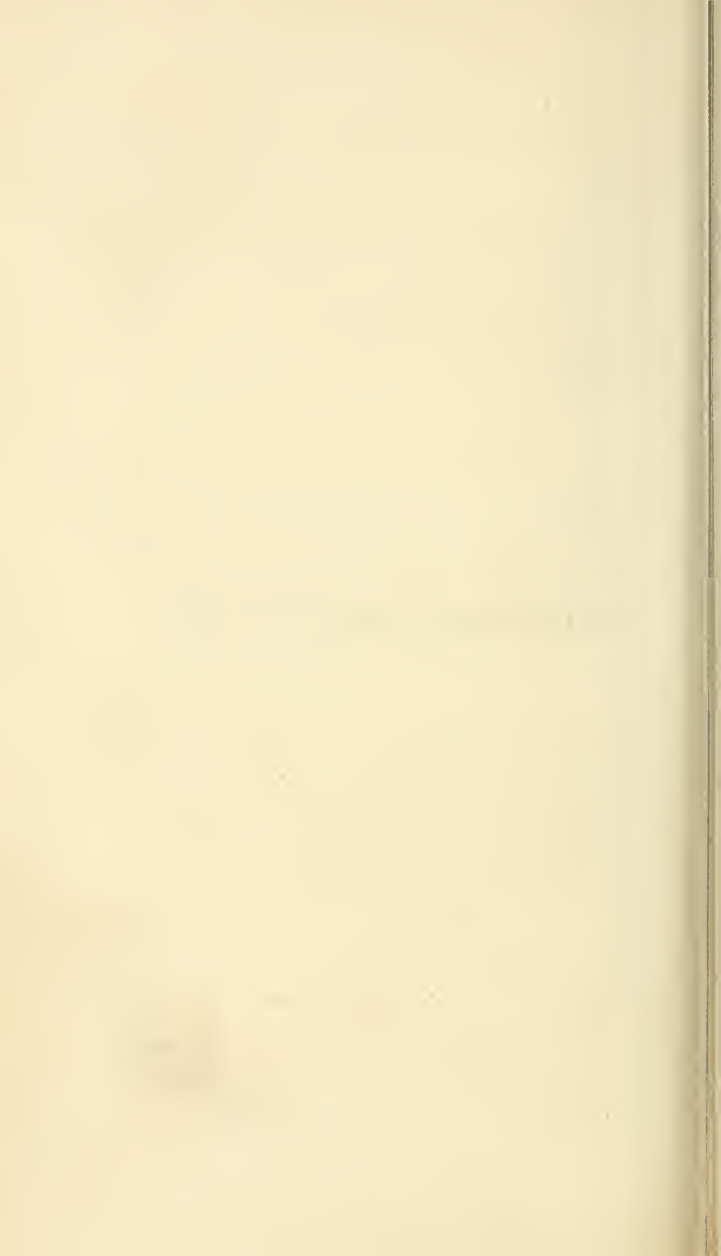
Nor was Pat Carty neglected. His head

had been in frequent contact with French steel; but being formed of enduring materials, as had been repeatedly proved in fair and pattern, “before he was drawn into the South Mayo,” it bore the collision bravely. “A few patches,” he said, “would set all right; they were *clane* cuts, and a *clip* of a cudgel would be worse than them all. He had been ridden over by a troop or two of dragoons; but what matter? Thank God! it was not the first bone-bruising he had got in his time.”

And truly enough did Mr. Carty calculate on the durability of his carcase; in a few days his master and himself were seen slowly walking in the park; the one supported by a lovely woman, and the other by what he, Pat Carty, valued nearly as highly—a real twig of Irish oak, “cut by his own two hands in the wood of Cushnagushlawn.”



THE DEAD DRAGOON.



THE DEAD DRAGOON.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away ;
Thou form without a name !
Which fought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.

Though from that head, late tow'ring high,
The waving plume is torn,
Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on that lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

MALCOLM.

It was on the sixth day after the action of Waterloo that an officer, whose bandaged forehead, and arm suspended in a sling, bespoke

him to have been a sufferer in the recent battles, entered a spacious hotel in the Rue de Musée. Although his face was pale, and his step still feeble, a lively eye and animated look showed that he was convalescent, and that the traces only of his late illness remained.

The house he stopped at was a large and handsome building ; it was the hotel of a Belgian gentleman who had been discovered in traitorous correspondence with the French, and had been denounced by his government. He evaded the punishment of treachery by flight : his property had been confiscated, and his hotel converted into an hospital for the wounded. Its showy exterior, loaded with architectural ornament, and distinguished with heraldic blazonry, would have led the passenger to conclude that *there* opulence and luxury abode ; but death and misery were within. A rough shell was leaning against the pillar of the lofty vestibule ; and a few persons were collected at the door, waiting for the funeral party to escort

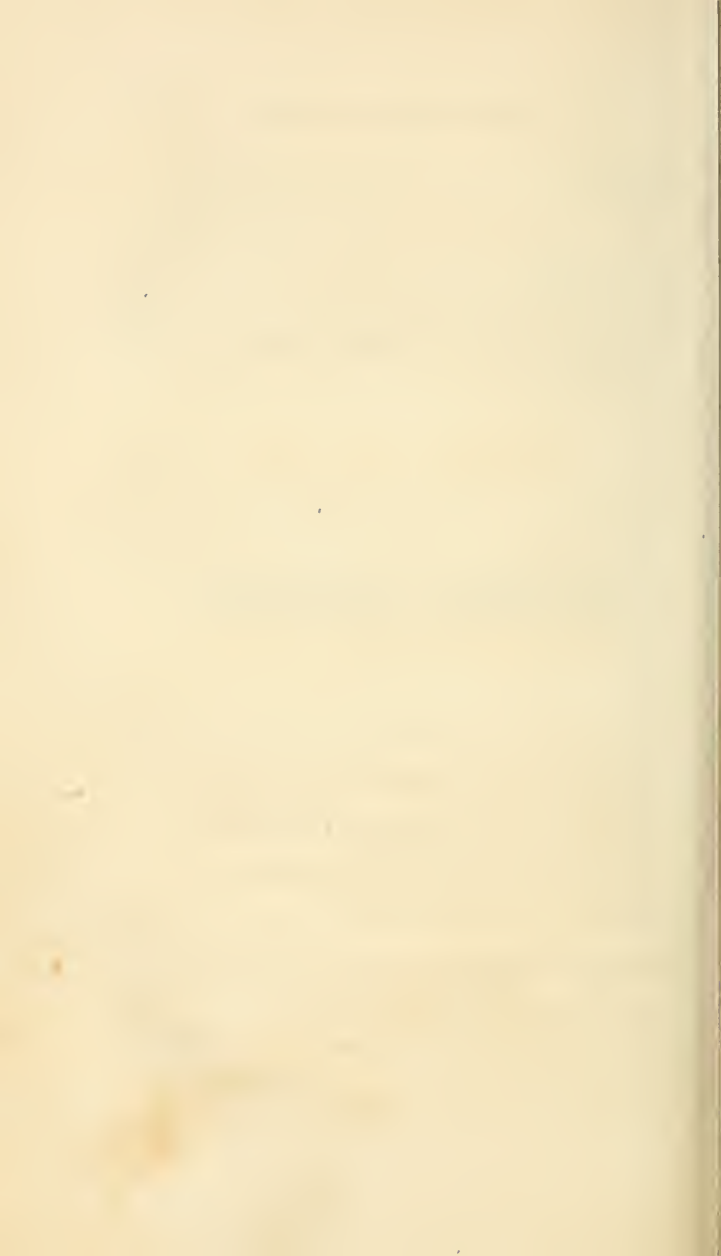
Could any thing add to the effect of a military interment, it is when those honours are performed by an enemy. Such was the case when the colonel of cuirassiers was borne on the shoulders of a part of the garrison of Brussels to the cemetery of the chapel of the Reformers. British officers held the pall; and among the mourners were some who had witnessed his undaunted bravery in battle. His grave was filled by the hands of foemen; and "the soldier's requiem," the last salute, was fired by a company of English grenadiers.

When the funeral was over, and Kennedy had returned to his hotel, he proceeded to examine the packet of the dead dragoon. Besides the papers, which were neatly and closely written, there were several medals, and a cross of the Legion of Honour. These memorials of his fame appeared to have been carefully cherished by the colonel of cuirassiers; and from the circumstance of his having them concealed upon his person, he must have determined that the proud

trophies of his gallant deeds should be round his person when he fell.

The papers contained a brief memoir of his life ; and from those interesting documents Frank Kennedy extracted the following story.

STEPHEN PURCELL.



STEPHEN PURCELL.

What says the married woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

IN the spring of 1796 Stephen Purcell was entered a fellow-commoner in the Dublin university. He was just eighteen—a fine strapping lad, with an athletic frame, a black eye, hair dark as ebony, and a rich flush of health and vigour colouring a cheek brown as a gipsy's. He was then five feet eleven inches “without his shoes;” and his foster-brother, who accom-

panied him as a valet, boasted "that his master had an inch or two to grow before his height would be upon his head!"

Purcell would have been popular in any college; but he was the man particularly adapted for that of "the holy and undivided Trinity." The heir presumptive to a rich uncle, his allowance was most liberal. His rooms, on the first floor of a best building, were comfortably furnished—his servants wore handsome liveries—he kept two horses and a buggy—and after commons, he gave the best wine procurable in the city of Dublin.

Thus far circumstances, rather than character, might have gone to have secured Purcell the popularity he enjoyed; but Stephen was calculated by nature to be distinguished. He was a spirited and generous youth, well tempered in his cups; and in a row, which was then the common event of every evening, he was brave as a lion, and, as his best man, Jack Dillon, "mighty handy with fist or

cudgel." Purcell kicked football, wrestled well, jumped the haha, and hurled, as if he had been born south of the Shannon. No wonder in a year's residence he became the pet of the university. He was moreover respected by the republicans, and tolerated by the few Romanists he knew, who, on divers occasions, out of personal regard to the host, had submitted to drink "the glorious memory" in his apartments.

In one thing besides, Stephen Purcell was remarkable. He was a zealot in politics, a devoted supporter of king and constitution, an uncompromising orangeman, and the favourite leader of all those who professed ultra loyalty.

The rebellion was on the eve of breaking out, and the classic courts of Alma Mater rather bore the appearance of a military post, than the chosen retreat of those gentle goddesses who are supposed to preside over science and the Belles Lettres. The college corps was in its zenith; and for strength, ... and

discipline, held a proud place among the numerous armed associations which the exigency of the times had called into existence. In this honourable body, exclusively composed of gentlemen, Purcell bore the rank of serjeant. The king no doubt possessed many a more experienced defender of his crown and dignity; but a more devoted soldier and servant than Stephen Purcell never wore a shoulder-knot.

The times had become awfully interesting. The conspiracy was matured, and the government were perfectly prepared for an immediate explosion. It was ascertained that the arrival of a celebrated leader in the metropolis was momentarily expected, and that event would be the signal for the insurgents to rise and take the field. Fresh proofs of imminent and deadly treason were hourly discovered. It was disclosed by a treacherous leader of the rebels, that the day for a simultaneous insurrection throughout the kingdom had been appointed, and that many infernal plans of private assas-

sination were on the tapis. The mail coaches were to be intercepted after they had quitted the metropolis, and their non-arrival was to be a signal that the rising had commenced, and that the remoter districts should take the field. In the city the lamplighters were corrupted; the public lamps were to be extinguished by the traitors, and while universal darkness overspread the streets, and favoured the plans of the insurgents, the rebel drums were to beat, and the yeomanry, as they hurried to their alarm posts, were to be cut off in detail before they could unite with their comrades. Added to these reports, the frequent discovery of pikes and fire-arms proved that a deadly preparation was going forward; and the sun of each succeeding day was expected to rise upon a scene of slaughter.

While the disaffected impatiently awaited the arrival of the chief conspirator in the city, the government were employing every possible means to discover his retreat. In vain every

engine in their power had been set to work; public researches and secret espionage had equally failed of success; and a reward of one thousand pounds, with private assurances of unbounded patronage, were offered to the fortunate person who should denounce and apprehend the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The unfortunate nobleman we have named was a descendant of the proud house of the Geraldines, and was uncle to the present Duke of Leinster. From having borne arms with distinguished reputation in the British army, he became a most dangerous and deadly enemy to the state. It was said that he was a disappointed man. A professional slight it was supposed had irritated him against the government beyond the possibility of being propitiated; another officer had been preferred for promotion to himself; he left the service in disgust, repaired to the French capital, and a residence in Paris, a close intimacy with the leading

Jacobins, and a marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, confirmed his bad feelings towards the English government, and his dislike to monarchy in any form. His talents were considerable, his popularity unbounded. The dignity of his high birth, joined to a just reputation for military skill and devoted patriotism, made him an idol with the republicans, who had unanimously appointed him their leader, and now waited his appearance in the metropolis to direct the opening of the extensive conspiracy which was to overturn the existing order of things.

Indeed, the city of Dublin presented a melancholy spectacle of fear and preparation. Had it been blockaded by a hostile force, there could not have been more anxious apprehension discernible in the capital than it every where presented to the eye. The entrances from the suburbs were barricadoed, and by night and day jealously guarded; the bridges had their respective pickets; the streets were regularly

patrolled, and the doors of every house bore the names of the inhabitants on a placard; arrests of suspected persons occurred hourly; a discovery of concealed weapons became frequent; rumours of an intended descent from France added to the public alarm, while assassination on one side, and military executions on the other, rendered the internal state of the Irish capital frightful and portentous.

It was late in the evening of the 1st of March that Stephen Purcell, who had dined in Merrion Square, was returning to his chambers in the university. The peril of the times had superseded much of that attention usually paid to dress, and the costume of the young collegian, although several titled personages had been guests at the table where he dined, was the simple uniform of a non-commissioned officer. But the three chevrons on his arm, which denoted his subordinate rank, were dear to the youth, and regarded by him with as much pride, as if they had been the aiguillettes

of a staff-officer. His uniform, made to fit his shape with studied accuracy, displayed a form moulded for activity and endurance. His light infantry wings rested on a pair of broad and muscular shoulders; his sash bound a waist which required no assistance to compress it; his bayonet was suspended in his belt; and reckless of danger, and confident in youthful strength and a bold heart, he sauntered leisurely down Grafton Street, humming an orange ditty as he passed along.

It was a calm and lovely night. The drums long since had beat the tattoo, and the hour was past when any but the military and police were permitted to remain in the streets. A proclamation had been issued by the chief magistrate of the city, cautioning the citizens to keep within their houses after a stated hour, that the troops might be unimpeded in their operations, in the event of the expected insurrection occurring during the night. These

orders were directed to be rigorously enforced ; and, unprovided with the pass-word and counter-sign, few would venture to traverse the streets after the evening drum had beaten.

The gallant serjeant had passed the provost's house when, at a short distance from him, a woman's scream was heard. Concluding that the cry was from one of those wretched outcasts from society whose drunken quarrels so frequently disturbed the town, it passed unnoticed ; but again the scream was repeated, and Purcell hurried to the centre of the street, before the college gate, where a woman was struggling in the grasp of several watchmen, who insisted on removing her to their guard-house. The fellows who held the female were evidently intoxicated, and the young collegian would have avoided what appeared a common street brawl, had not the tone of the female's voice and the language uttered in her alarm, appeared at variance with her appearance, as

well as inconsistent with her being at this late and unsafe hour a wanderer in the public streets.

“ For the sake of Heaven, let me pass! You mistake me—indeed you do—will you injure an unprotected woman?”

“ How tinder she is, Barney! grab the bundle; we’ll try if there’s any thing inder the cloak:” and as he spoke he laid hold of a small parcel which the prisoner appeared most anxious to retain.

“ Hold!” said Purcell, “ What is the matter?—Who is this you have stopped?”

“ Who the divil are you?” was the reply. “ Come, pump it, young man, or by the crass of Christ, we’ll stick ye in the crib alang wid the lady.”

But, neither intimidated by their threats or numbers, the student threw the fellow aside, while the poor girl sprang forward, and clinging wildly to his arm, exclaimed—“ Stranger, God

bless you!—will you save me from these savage men? Can you—will you protect me?”

There was no time allowed for reply; the watchmen, who were numerous, hemmed in the solitary stranger, who seemed determined on a fierce resistance, as he drew his bayonet, and with a deep imprecation, warned them to keep off. At this moment two men in uniform came up, and one of them exclaiming in mock heroics, “My comrade’s voice! I can protect thee still!” unsheathed his weapon, and calling on his companion to draw, sprang into the crowd, and ranged himself beside the protector of the alarmed female—“Stephen, I knew thy voice,” continued the new ally, “How now? whose mare’s dead?—what’s the matter?”

“The matter is a simple cause of quarrel enough—watchmen and a woman.” Without stopping to comprehend any thing farther, the friend of Purcell, whose brain appeared wonderfully confused with Shakspeare and arrack

punch, called to his companion—" ' Out with thy rapier, boy ;' away varlets ! ' Draw, Bar-dolph, cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.' "

" Stop, Jack ; let's avoid a row, if possible ;" and the guardians of the night having fallen back, seemed far from anxious to commence hostilities.

" Who is the gentle Desdemona ?"—(hiccup)
" ' Is she a spirit of health, or goblin damned ?'—I beg her pardon ;—' be her intents wicked or charitable'—for, by the bye, Stephen, we cannot be too particular—(hiccup). Let's overhaul Rosalind in the guard-room. Treason is abroad in linsey woolsey, and treachery meets you (hiccup) under the cover of a callimanco petticoat"—(hiccup).

" Ha ! ha ! ha !" returned the first speaker ;
" what a pass are we not come to ! Has this poor girl a double-barrelled blunderbuss in her pocket, with a plan to surprise the castle in the

paper cases of her housewife? Stay, Jack; let me speak with her apart."

" ' Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel?'"

exclaimed the corporal, for such rank Jack Middleton bore. " But, (hiccup) thou art ' mine ancient '—I mean serjeant, (hiccup) " and I obey thee.

" Will you protect me?" said the poor girl, in tones of agonising distress; " Oh! yes, yes; you will—you can."

The deep pathos of her voice, and her evident agitation, assured Purcell that the young woman was very different from that which the late hour and strange circumstances of their meeting had first led him to imagine.

They had now removed some distance from Purcell's friends, as well as from the watchmen, who still lingered near the place, as if irresolute as to what future course of proceeding they should adopt. The young protector ad-

dressed his companion—"Lady, what tempted you to venture through the city at this dangerous and unseasonable hour of the night? Surely the business must have been urgent. Speak fearlessly, our conference is on honour; speak, was it love? I cannot believe Jack Middleton's suspicions, that your excursion through the streets has any thing of treason for its object."

"Neither suspicion is true, stranger. I rest my hopes on you; you must, for you can, save me. Your influence over these fearful men was paramount, and the others obey you as a leader; your acts and words are those of a high-minded and honourable soldier. Look at me beneath yon lamp, and say whether my appearance warrants the imputations of the savage persons from whom you have delivered me. I have been imprudent—mad—but, God knows, I am not the guilty thing they have insinuated."

Stephen Purcell's curiosity was excited; they approached the light, and throwing aside

the coarse grey cloak which concealed her person, features of striking beauty, and a figure of sylph-like elegance, were presented to his view. The dress beneath the homely disguise she had assumed was both rich and fashionable, and Purcell was thoroughly persuaded that she was far removed from that class of life and society which the extraordinary time and place of their meeting had originally led him to infer.

“ You say true, lady ; I can liberate you from your present danger, certainly ; but I free you from one difficulty only to expose you to others equally imminent ; that is, unless your home be in the immediate vicinity of this place. If I ventured to a distance, I myself should be detained by the guards and pickets, who suffer none to pass their posts without the counter-sign.”

“ Then I am lost, indeed ! ” This she murmured in a voice of hopeless anguish. “ My home is in a remote part of the city. Oh, stranger, *can you not save ?—can you not pro-*

tect me? What would bribe you? Your dress and manners make a pecuniary offer an insult. What can secure your protection?"

Stephen Purcell was only twenty. He was alone with a woman—young, beautiful, and perfectly in his power; and he had commenced that jargon of love which men will sometimes use, when an appeal from his lovely suppliant arrested it.

"Stranger, I am at your mercy. I cast myself on you for protection. Save me from insult by others, and spare me from it in yourself."

Purcell hesitated. Again he led her to the light; again he removed the hood which concealed her features, and gazed upon her beautiful countenance; her bright blue eyes were filled with tears; her lips trembled with apprehension; and terror, so far from dimming her surpassing beauty, had made her loveliness more exquisite and more irresistible. She did not oppose his scrutiny. The effect upon him and

his course of conduct was immediate: he replaced the cloak and hood respectfully. "How beautiful!" he murmured. "Lady, fear nothing; with my life I will guarantee your safety." Then calling to his companion, who was standing at some distance, he whispered to him for an instant, and left the unknown female in his custody.

This movement was far from satisfactory to the lady: she would have followed him had not the gallant corporal peremptorily, but gently, opposed it. Although tolerably drunk, he was perfectly alive to the charge he had undertaken of being her protector. "Cheer up!" he muttered, while a frequent hiccup impeded his speech deplorably. "Fear nothing, *Dulcinea del Toboso!* Courage, most incomparable princess!—thou lady of the bleeding heart!—Jack Middleton, an unworthy corporal of the third company, is 'your own true knight, by day or night, or any light,'—as the bard of Avon has it. Stephen Purcell is thy *Magnus Apollo*, and

Stephen Purcell is my approved friend—ergo, sun, moon, or star, shall not get a glimpse of thy charms till Stephano returns. He's as true game as ever man relied upon. On Sunday fortnight I was caught alone by half a score of cuckoldy citizens, who had just been *lalopped* within an inch of their lives, by a few of our lads who were on the ramble. Gad!—they twigged me, and had commenced prompt payment, for past civilities, upon my poor carcase, when honest Stephen flew to my relief, and bestride me like a Colossus; and there I lay, safe on my mother earth, till the boys came to the rescue. Purcell's skull was laid open by a paving-stone; and from heel to head he was as black as your own eye.—Keep off!" he exclaimed, fiercely, to a watchman who had approached nearer than Middleton considered prudent—"Keep off!—or, by the foot of Phaëton, I'll put four inches of as bright steel in your bread-basket as ever came from a cutler's;"—and a flourish of his naked weapon in

the twilight proved that in act and word he was equally decisive.

After a painful absence of some minutes, Purcell returned. He removed the gray mantle from the shoulders of his fair *protégée*, and replaced it with a light military cloak; then exchanging her hood for a velvet foraging-cap, he gave those discarded articles of dress into the charge of Jack Middleton, who, with a long extract from Cymbeline, took his leave, and left them together.

“ Lady, we are alone. Whither shall I conduct you? I have got the necessary pass and countersign.”

“ Heaven be praised !” she gratefully replied; “ I live near Thomas Street. Will your password bring us thither ?”

“ We’ll try it ;” and he continued with a smile—“ the reputation of the Liberty is any thing but complimentary to its loyalty. On any other night I could have conducted you without delay to your destination, for I am tolerably

well known to the police and military ; but the information of this evening is such as called for double vigilance ; and no one, whether he be in uniform or not, will be permitted to keep the streets without the countersign. You of course, lady, are unacquainted with the cause of these additional precautions. It is known that the arch-traitor, Lord Edward, is actually within the city. One thousand pounds are on his head, and every effort of the government is strained to insure his arrest. By Heaven ! I will give the reward, and this left arm from the shoulder, to him who will bring me *vis-à-vis* to this rebel peer !” And the deep drawing of his breath showed how desperate was his hostility towards the devoted nobleman.

“ Do you know his lordship personally ?” said the female in a timid voice, as they passed the equestrian statue of the third William, which stands in College Green.

“ No ; I never saw him : but I have every mark of his person so deeply registered in my

memory, that if I met him in Kamschatka, I could challenge the traitor, and tax him with his double perfidy, as a soldier and a subject."

While he spoke, the fierce and vindictive feelings which blazed forth, alarmed his companion, who trembled as she clung to him for protection. He remarked it, and continued—"Fear nothing, my fair friend. I trust his presence in the city will but hurry on events. Let the traitors rise, we shall crush them! If they hesitate, ere a week passes, their leader's head shall top some pinnacle, and lesser villains in hundreds shall dangle from the lamp-posts!"

The female shuddered.—"Who goes there?" cried a sentinel in advance of the castle-gate. "A friend," was the reply. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

Purcell dropped the lady's arm for an instant, and communicated with the sentinel in a whisper. "Pass on!" said the soldier; "all's well." In the middle of High Street a cavalry patrol approached them. The officer

rode out and challenged them. "Halt! who goes there?" Purcell left the flags and conversed in an under tone with the dragoon. "Good night!" he said; "you dine with us on Friday, Stephen;—forward!" and the party rode off. They crossed the corn-market, and after repeated interruptions from the sentries, at length reached Thomas Street in safety.

"We part, my kind and generous protector; how shall I prove my gratitude?"

"Let me conduct you home."

"Impossible!"

"Tell me, then, your name, your residence, and suffer me to inquire for you in the morning."

"Alas! I cannot. I have not the power; and believe me, the knowledge would not serve you."

"Let the proof be with me," said the youth passionately.

"It cannot be;" she answered, with some emotion. "In better times we may renew our

acquaintance; but now, fortune and circumstances beyond control alike forbid it. Give me your address; the name of my preserver shall never fade from the recollection of her, who is bound for life to bless him."

Purcell gave his card.

"And now," continued the unknown, "as there is danger in even a momentary delay, ask me for any proof of my gratitude, and it shall be freely, heartily given."

"It is hard, lady, to part with you thus," said the student with considerable warmth; but I submit: let me conduct you, for your own safety's sake, to your home, and I shall not, unauthorisedly, repeat my visit."

"No, no, no; I am on the very point of leaving you."

"Then be it so, lady; I shall not urge my request. I have been serviceable to you, but I shall not be importunate; farewell! one kiss, probably we part for ever!"

As he spoke he passed his arm round the

waist of the unknown female ; but, starting from him, she exclaimed—" Ask it not," and pressed a ring upon his finger.

The student drew himself up to his full height, and carelessly returning the gem, coldly remarked,—“ You mistake me, lady ; I am no mercenary. Keep your ring ; farewell ! God bless you !”

The unknown one paused ; she seemed to be irresolute. Next moment, in a tone half reproachful and half jestingly, she added—

“ Foolish boy ! Must you then have a choice ? Be it so ; the kiss or the ring is yours ; but he advised, and choose the latter.”

“ Forgive me, lady, if I reject your counsel ;” and placing the ring gently in her hand, he bent his lips to hers, which were not withdrawn from his salute.

“ Are you in perfect security ? Do not dismiss your guard rashly.”

“ *I am now in perfect safety ;* for my sake, keep the ring ; but as you value me, follow me

not. Assuredly we shall meet again, and I may yet render good service for the debt I owe you."

She said, and sprang from his side into a deep and covered alley. No lamp was there to light it, and dark and narrow as it was, in a moment no trace of his companion was visible. Purcell lingered for a time about the place. He carefully observed the opening of the alley, and having noted the numbers of the houses at either side, he determined, happen what would, to visit the spot again; and with this resolve, he slowly retraced his steps towards the university.

When he reached his chambers, his servant was gone to bed, and the fire extinguished. He struck a light; and, for the first time, remarked the extraordinary beauty of the ring, which the unknown one had placed upon his finger. It was a brilliant of large size and exquisite lustre. From it his eye turned to the bonnet and cloak, which Jack Middleton had

left upon his table. The one was coarse and considerably worn; the other of common materials and vulgar fashion. How inexplicable! the value of the gem so much at variance with the coarseness of the dress. A strange mystery involved this unknown female. Stephen mentally retraced the night's adventure from its commencement to its close, summed it all up in one deep sigh, undressed, went to bed, was restless, and dreamed of diamond rings, straw bonnets, and the incognita of Thomas Street.

He slept longer than usual; and when his servant awoke him, he produced a sealed parcel, which had been left early that morning in the rooms by a porter. Purcell impatiently opened it. He found his cloak and foraging-cap, neatly folded up; and a little billet, in beautiful Italian characters, returned him thanks for his protection on the preceding night, and expressed a hope that he had found no difficulty in getting home, as the streets had been unusually disturbed. The note was written on embossed

paper : the language, the folding, the seal, were all expressive of good taste and elegance. The billet bore neither address nor signature. His eager inquiries were unattended with any information. The old college-woman knew nothing, but that " she had received it from a man, who delivered it and went away. She asked no questions ; why should she ? she had other things to mind, God help her !" &c. &c.

Purcell had indulged in the hope that the return of his cloak might lead him to some knowledge of the fair one who had worn it the preceding night ; but now, that chance of discovering her had failed. He sat down, professedly to breakfast, but soon lost himself in a reverie over the tea-cup. After an hour's rumination, he sprang up, fidgeted about the room, took half a round of the park, came back, dressed, ordered his horse, and rode off towards the Liberty.

No one knew the city better than Stephen Purcell ; there was not a division of the town

which had not been the scene of some odd adventure or wild exploit. For two long hours he traversed every street adjacent to the place where the fair one vanished. He pushed through courts and allies, where a horseman had seldom ventured, discovered lanes only known to washerwomen, back passages to breweries, tan-yards, dyeing-houses, and the endless variety of appurtenances belonging to the busy multitude who inhabit that mixed abode of penury and opulence; and after a tiresome research returned, "a sadder," but not "a wiser man."

Evening came. For a wonder, the student was alone; and seated at a window which overlooked the college park, he drank his wine in unsocial solitude. The daily papers were on the table, but their alarming columns were disregarded, and one fair object excluded all other thoughts. After mature deliberation, Stephen at last concluded that he was in love! and what the devil else could ail him? He

kissed the ring, re-read the billet, examined the bonnet, and for the first time detected the name of "Ann Brady," badly written, in the lining.

Had he now discovered the unknown one? "Ann Brady!" Pshaw! the letters were like hedge-stakes; and could that beautiful hand, which he had pressed last night at parting, indite villanous characters like those? No, no; she was as much Ann Brady as he was Prestor John! He sprang from the table in a frenzy, strode for five minutes up and down the room, and, unable to control his impatience, he determined once more to visit the place where, under such mysterious circumstances, he had lost sight of his handsome incognita.

As a preparatory step, Purcell laid aside his uniform, and assumed the jacket, trowsers, and straw hat, of a sailor. Doubtless, he chose these habiliments for disguise; but nevertheless he selected a most becoming one. No dress shows a well-made man to more advantage.

Stephen had ascertained the fact ; and, consequently, in his frequent rambles, he adopted this as a favourite costume. Perilous as the times were, he carried no secret weapon on his person : a well-trying black-thorn, a vigorous arm, and a stout heart, were his protectors ; all else he left to fortune ; and having obtained the pass-word for the night, he bent his course towards the Liberty.

It was now dark, and the night threatened to be inclement : the wind was rising, the dust whirled round in eddies, presently large drops of rain fell, and the appearances of a coming storm increased. Purcell walked quickly forward. The sign-boards creaked, the windows rattled, the sentries kept within their boxes, the lamps gave an unsteady and flickering light, and when the young college-man reached the alley in Thomas Street, the rain fell in torrents, and the storm raged violently.

The entrance of the alley was covered over, and there the student paused to consider what

course he should pursue. The severity of the night, and the peril of the times, had cleared the streets of passengers, and no one was abroad but the pickets. No hour could be more favourable to examine the place without observation, and Stephen Purcell went carefully on.

The alley was extremely narrow ; some wretched houses rose at either side, and their ruinous exterior and the poles and cords suspended from the upper windows for drying linen, showed that their occupants were of the meanest order of the community. At the bottom of this passage there was a wall of extraordinary height, with a small wicket-door. Judging from appearances, the space within was a garden, for the tops of trees were visible ; a brass plate was on the door ; but the dim light prevented him from reading the name engraven on it.

A passage, running parallel with the wall, extended to the left, and in that direction several large-sized and lofty chimneys rose above

the other buildings. From these appearances, Purcell concluded that an extensive brewery or some such building was contiguous.

Except that the rain splashed heavily from the house-tops, and the wind came roaring in hollow gusts through the confined passages, there reigned around a death-like stillness. The public lamps had not then been extended as far as this remote and cheerless district; a solitary light emitted its feeble rays at a considerable distance, and, directed by its irregular flashes, which scarcely pierced the dense atmosphere, the collegian approached the spot from which its intermitting sparkle came.

He reached, with some difficulty, a lone and ruinous dwelling. The light which guided him shone through the crevices of the window-shutters; and Purcell ascertained that the house was a tavern of the lowest kind; or, as was more probable from its loneliness, a flash receptacle for vagabonds and stolen property. Here, however, he might glean some information; the

severity of the night made any shelter desirable; and, after a moment's irresolution, he struck the door, and boldly demanded admittance.

His knock was thrice repeated before any one noticed it from within. At last a coarse voice demanded his name and business. "He was a stranger, and wanted some refreshment." After much whispering, and a considerable delay, the door was cautiously opened.

Nothing could be more wretched than the interior of the mansion. A filthy counter was covered with pewter measures and foul dram-glasses; and the atrocious smells, combined of spilt liquors and the smoke of bad tobacco, were overwhelming to any organs but those of the *night-birds* who infested this infernal *cabaret*. Purcell was conducted by the host into an inner apartment, where, in a boxed recess, sat four men of very villanous presence.

Bold and reckless as the student was, he would have retreated had escape been practicable; but the outer door had been jealously

closed the very moment that he passed it. No choice remained, but to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity to retire. The host, in any thing but an encouraging tone, demanded what he would please to drink, and the collegeman, assuming as much indifference as he could, in a rough voice, asked for a pot of porter.

Every eye was bent upon the stranger by the ruffian group in the remote box ; their conversation was indistinct, and confined to cant and whispers. The pseudo-sailor, to all appearance, discussed his porter at his ease ; but he was very far from being comfortable ; and as he stole a side-glance at his companions in the corner, he clinched his black-thorn stick beneath the table, and collected his strength and courage for the struggle which he concluded would be inevitable. Meantime two of the party left the room, not however without bestowing as they passed a most ominous side-glance on the unsuspecting sailor—as he seemed to be. They whispered earnestly

for a few minutes with the landlord, then leaving the house, the door was carefully locked after they departed.

Purcell, after some little delay, resolved to ascertain whether he would be permitted to leave the house without opposition. He suspected that he should be waylaid by the villains who had left the room; but they were but two—and, without, he thought his chances of escape were better, than if he waited an attack from within. Purcell in resolve and action was equally prompt; seizing the pewter measure whose contents were but lightly diminished, he struck upon the table, demanded what the reckoning was, and flung a shilling to the host. The landlord lifted the silver, and with a meaning look observed as he handed the change, that “porter had but one price; he was in an honest house—did he mean any offence?”

Purcell easily perceived his object, but determined to leave him no excuse to commence

a quarrel; he suited his answer accordingly, and rising from the table, made a step or two towards the door; but the landlord manifested decided reluctancy to lose his guest. "What hurry was he in? he knocked loud enough to get in; nobody wanted him; if people had pains, people should have profit; was he to be disturbed for a shabby pint of porter? not he." The night too, was as bad as ever; the rain was falling in buckets-full, and there was *a fresh hand at the bellows*, as he expressed the increasing storm, which came moaning through the broken windows and shattered doors.

The student had anticipated the result, and he determined to force an egress before the return of the absent ruffians, whom he naturally suspected to have left the house on no good errand. The fellows in the corner arose while the landlord was speaking; but at the instant, a knock was heard at the door followed by a low and peculiar whistle. "All's right, boys,"

said the host to the "ruffians twain;" and leaving the room, Purcell heard the front door open.

"Now or never!" the student muttered between his teeth, and springing into the tap-room, he attempted to rush into the lane: the landlord immediately threw himself across, but with his left hand Purcell knocked him down, and unhurt by a blow levelled at him with a bludgeon by a ruffian without, he leaped over the prostrate host, and followed by the remainder of the gang, fled towards the narrow alley which had conducted him to this villanous den.

Of escape he now had little doubt; the first movement was the perilous part of the attempt, and he had succeeded. Once in the narrow alley, he might bid defiance to his pursuers; and if he gained Thomas Street, he should be within call of the picket. One of the party gained upon him: Purcell slackened his pace; allowed the villain to come up, then turning

with amazing quickness, felled him to the earth; and rushing forward with increased speed, he left his pursuers easily. His escape was gallantly managed; the alley was beside him. Proud of his bold adventure, he sprang into the dark entrance, and found himself in the grasp of several men, who disarmed him in a twinkling; bound his arms with a cord, and his eyes with a handkerchief; and in a deep determined whisper told him to be silent, or his life should be the penalty.

Daring as Purcell's spirit was, his heart throbbed almost to bursting, and he gave himself up as a lost man. Doubtless he had fallen into the hands of the same gang, of whom the villains in the flash-house were a part. Irritated by his escape, the blows they had received would be fearfully revenged, and his murder was inevitable. Could he make any effort at a fresh escape? alas! no; his hands were pinioned, and he could not even see the number of his enemies. Could he but loose the

ligature that bound his arms, he would attempt to rescue himself; if he failed, he might as well perish here as be slaughtered in that haunt of murder from which he had but just escaped. He strove to free his hands; the effort partially succeeded, the bandage slackened sensibly.

When one of his captors perceived his design—"By the God of heaven!" said a voice in a deep and fearful whisper, "if you but move tongue or limb, a dozen daggers shall meet in your heart!" As he spoke, a smart prick of a keen weapon made the student wince. "Ha! hast thou feeling, fellow? be still, or—"

While this passed, others of the party held a hurried kind of consultation. "Bring me the lantern," said the voice of one who appeared to influence the rest. The order was obeyed, the prisoner found the heat upon his face, and the stream of light penetrated through the folds of the bandage. They were scruti-

nising his countenance, for next moment the leader muttered,—“ By —— he is a spy! his face and dress are not in character; and see—a military stock is on his neck:—hearken!” and a strong arm shook Purcell’s shoulder—“ you have not two minutes’ life if you palter with us for a moment. Who—what are you? what brought you hither?—speak!”

The prisoner paused; to conceal his name was useless, and he avowed it.

“ A college-man here, and at midnight!—your errand?”

“ A woman.”

“ A woman! pish! you are a spy.”

“ I am not, by Heaven!”

“ The proof.”

“ Should I be here unarmed, and alone?”

“ Who was the person you came here to meet?”

“ Excuse me, I cannot tell; for I really don’t know her name: if I did, I would not tell you.”

“ Fair enough. Do you know S——, and F——, and B——?” and he mentioned several college men.

“ I do.”

“ Describe them.” The prisoner did so accurately.

“ How are we to know that you are Mr. Purcell?”

“ Look at my watch, my crest and cipher are engraven on the cases.”

The watch was examined, and its value added an additional evidence as to the veracity of the captive.

“ You must be removed for a short time from this place; and further, you must remain a close and silent prisoner. Do you agree?”

“ I have no other choice; give me my black-thorn, five paces’ law, and you shall have a different answer.”

“ This confirms his identity,” said another voice. “ Purcell, I have heard, is brave and daring; and this proposal is a bold one.”

“ Remove him,” said the first speaker. “ If he submits, use him like a gentleman; if not, you have efficient means to silence the loudest tongue; don’t spare them.”

Instantly Purcell was lifted from the ground; a door opened, he believed it was the small one in the wall; he was carried inside, and then desired to walk between his conductors. The smooth gravel beneath his feet, and the smell of the plants and flowers, rendered more powerful by the evening’s rain, confirmed his suspicions. Finding he was not returned to the infamous den from which he had escaped, the captive’s *hardiesse* revived. He was brought into a house, unbound, unhooded, carefully locked up, and left in total darkness to “ commune with his own thoughts.”

An hour passed—the rain ceased, the wind died away, and with the suddenness of a summer tempest, the fury of the elements subsided, as rapidly as it had been raised. The moon shone out, the sky resumed its placid blue, not a

cloud remained, and putting on a treacherous serenity, it looked as calm and holy as if it had never been vexed by a storm.

Purcell profited by the light to examine the place of his confinement, and from implements in the corner, and a quantity of earthen flower-pots on the benches, he conjectured that the place of his confinement was a gardener's house. His next thoughts were turned upon escape. The window was but indifferently secured by iron stanchions, and with a spade which he found among the tools, he commenced his operations silently. In a few minutes a bar fell from the window and proved the success of his exertions. He worked with redoubled energy; a second one yielded; and the opening would soon be sufficiently wide to allow him to force his person through it, when a noise interrupted him, a door jarred at a little distance—a light glimmered — footsteps approached — the key turned, and a stranger stood before him.

If Purcell had formed an idea of encounter-

ing the rigid features of a stern jailor in those of his new visitor, he was wrong. The person was a steady, sober-looking citizen, advanced beyond the meridian of life, and perfectly opposite to any thing the captive expected to have seen. His dress was plain but respectable, and being unattended, and without weapons, to guess at his "intents" from his looks, they were most "charitable." The fallen bars and broken casement did not escape his observation, and he smiled as he viewed the prisoner's handywork.

"Upon my word, Mr. Purcell, you have not been unemployed. Had I delayed my visit, I should have been minus a window and a prisoner; come, sir, your captivity is at an end, and I hope you will forgive an infringement on the liberty of the subject, as perpetrated this night upon your person. Your incarceration, sir, originated in a ridiculous, but you will probably confess, a natural mistake. The fact is simply this: I am a trader, and must acknowledge that occasionally I admit and dispose of certain com-

modities which may not have contributed their regulated quota to the king's exchequer. Such was the case to-night : you were unluckily in the way, and your disguise, the very strange place you chose to visit, on such a night, and at such an hour, caused you to be suspected by some wild hands, which this dangerous traffic makes necessary, and your detention was the consequence. Had I been there, the thing could not have occurred ; your parole of honour would have been a sufficient guarantee. Am I pardoned for having been, though inadvertently, a party to your arrest?"

Purcell looked grave as he thought on the peril his wild visit had exposed him to ; but it was over, and it was just the kind of adventure he loved to recollect. He took the citizen's extended hand.

" Really, Mr. Downing," for as such the visitor had announced himself, " the fault was all my own ; I came here on an errand, as wild as bootless ; and if I have paid the penalty of

my indiscretion, my punishment was trifling, being limited to an hour's meditation in a garden-house. There was one gentleman who appeared to me the principal performer; he was not only liberal in threats, but thought it advisable to give me a foretaste of the pleasure of being poniarded: I certainly hold myself his debtor to the amount of a broken head. However, the debt must be over for the present; but by Saint George, if we ever clear scores, he shall have the principal with honest interest. But I fear I have done some damage."

"Never mind, Mr. Purcell, never mind, we shall easily repair the window; your exercise must have given you an appetite; supper is ready, and I will introduce you to my wife and a few friends; but, if my question be not impertinent, might I inquire what brought you to the extraordinary place where my people met you?"

The student had predetermined to keep the secret of his midnight ramble to himself. He hoped to establish himself in the citizen's good

graces ; an acquaintance with his family would be locally important, and might facilitate his discovering the name and residence of that mysterious fair one, whose beauty had so nearly proved disastrous. “ And was there then any thing singular in my being a wanderer in the place your friends found me ? ” said the collegeman with an inquisitive smile.

“ Indeed there was. It is an outlet from the more populous parts of the town ; its extreme loneliness, though contiguous to the busier streets, render the few dilapidated dwellings it contains a favourite and secure receptacle for thieves and vagabonds. In daylight it is unsafe for a well-dressed passenger to be seen there, and at night, none but felons or the police would venture within its infamous precincts : you were apparently pursued, they told me, when your flight was so unexpectedly interrupted.”

“ I was ; ” and Purcell related the particulars of his escape. The citizen shuddered. “ Your

life, had you failed, was not worth a farthing's purchase. My blood runs cold when I think of the danger you were exposed to. Good God ! sir, what brought you there ?”

The question was a shrewd one. Purcell hesitated ; but considering the latitude allowed in love and war, he determined not to stick too closely to the truth. “ He shall know,” thought the college-man, “ the true cause of many of my adventures, and a multitude of my mishaps ; but as to facts, I shall not be over accurate ;” and accordingly, he gave Mr. Downing a most confused narrative, of an appointment at the theatre, and a very minute description of a short woman with black eyes, white teeth, and a chinchilla muff and tippet ; gravely concluding with an inquiry of the citizen, whether he had the pleasure of an acquaintance with any lady whose dress and charms were similar ?

“ Not I, truly,” said Mr. Downing, with a good-natured smile. “ Not I ; some abominable courtesan : women of depraved habits, they

tell me, are often seen there. There is a flash house in that haunt of infamy, a place where robberies are planned, and where thieves meet to divide, or dispose of plunder. Good God ! what an escape ! Come along, sir. My concerns here are very extensive : the back of my garden opens by a wicket-door into this hopeful labyrinth, for its lanes and passages are most intricate. Preserve us ! what an escape !”

So saying he led Purcell through the garden ; they entered a neat shrubbery and flower-knot, then passing into a conservatory, the citizen introduced his new acquaintance to a large and comfortable dwelling.

Within, there was an appearance of wealth and display, with a total absence of any thing bearing an air of fashion. Mr. Downing led the way to a spacious eating-room ; there was a table laid with eight or ten covers, and several of the guests were assembled round the fire. They were all plain, inelegant, business-looking personages, and when the student was presented

to them by the host, a smile of peculiar meaning was visible on the countenances of part of the company. Whatever caused the circumstance, it did not escape the observation of the pseudo-sailor.

Between the feelings and characters of the members of the Irish university as they existed thirty years ago, and as they appear at present, there is a striking difference. Then, the alumni of "the undivided Trinity" were chiefly sons of the nobility, members of the House of Commons, country gentlemen of estate, and men of liberal professions: few of those of the mercantile classes were found. Now, the case is reversed. At the former period, with a very few exceptions, the students had arrived at manhood before their college course had closed. At the present day, from the extreme youth of the members, the university assumes the appearance of an overgrown school. Previous to the rebellion, the students of Trinity College

were proud, overbearing, and aristocratic. They looked down upon the citizens as persons of inferior birth, and ungentlemanly tastes and habits ; and, accordingly, many a *raid* was made from the college upon the city ; and in return, when belated or distant from their hive, the students received many personal mementos from the hands of the irritated burghers.

Purcell's was a noted name as a leader of those dreaded and desperate youths. Many an assault and battery had he inflicted and endured ; and now smarting from a recollection of his imprisonment, in perpetrating which, he suspected the group round the fire to have been principals, his pride took fire at the imaginary insult which their meaning look conveyed ; and determined to seize the earliest opportunity to resent it, he turned his back contemptuously upon the company, and employed himself in examining certain portraits of Washington,

Lucas, and Dean Swift, which, in gloriously-gilt frames, hung from the walls of the apartment.

From those similitudes of patriotism, the student's eye wandered round the room: it was well lighted; the furniture expensive rather than well chosen; the carpet was rich; the sideboard loaded with plate; and all that he saw attested the wealth of the proprietor.

His further observations were interrupted: a door opened, and some one came in, whose entrance caused a sensation among the company.—“Mrs. Downing,” was repeated in different keys from the fire-place. “Its the old boy's helpmate,” said Purcell: “some awful antiquity in brown bombasine, and laced furbelows;” and with affected ignorance of the lady of the house being present, he continued with studied indifference to admire the patriots upon the wall, and occupy himself with an accurate survey of the dull features of the once celebrated Doctor Lucas. There was a whis-

pering at the fire: a light step crossed the room:—"Here comes old bombasine," muttered the student; and turning slowly round with determined nonchalance, within two paces, his eyes encountered those of a young and beautiful woman. Heavens and earth! there stood the cause of all his anxiety and danger; there stood the unknown one!

If the student's astonishment was great at this unexpected meeting, the effect upon his fair incognita was positively electric; the blood rushed to the surface, and one deep blush covered her from the brow to the bosom; for a moment she did not raise her eyes, and when she did, it appeared she had resolved to reject all previous acquaintance with her visitor. She returned his confused compliments with a low and formal curtsy, and muttered some disjointed excuses for the unavoidable absence of her husband.

Her husband! Gracious Heaven!—was she then married? and by that solitary word, the

student's air-built castle was overthrown. The pang of deep disappointment gave way to pique : had she really forgotten him ? her blush said, "no." Then she was ungrateful ; and in one short day his services were forgotten. Purcell's pride was wounded : in a low voice he apologised for his dress : had he anticipated the honour so unexpectedly conferred upon him, the honour of being presented to Mrs. Downing, he should have been more suitably attired ; but people would occasionally be found in dishabille. Till to-night he had never known its advantages ; for he observed that the memory was discarded with the dress.

While he spoke, the lady's varying colour showed that she was not insensible to his reproaches. She raised her eyes ; they met the student's ; and in a moment he could have knelt at her feet, and supplicated pardon for ever harbouring a thought or expressing a word that could disquiet her. Suddenly she exclaimed—
" You are hurt, sir : there is blood upon your

breast." Purcell turned his eyes carelessly to the spot: his shirt was slightly spotted: he smiled—"The wound is not incurable, I trust; as a worthy friend of mine would express it, 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door.'"

"Let me recommend you to have it examined: allow me to show you to a dressing-room;" and with a look which bade him follow her, she took a taper from the sideboard, and left the supper-room.

As they ascended the stairs, the lady of the house looked cautiously round:—no one was visible. She pointed to a chamber, and in a rapid whisper said—

"What madness have you not been guilty of? Good God! Downing told me your escape from murder was nearly a miracle. Ah! Mr. Purcell, why did you come here? but fate, which threw you so opportunely in my way, seems determined that our acquaintance, so singular in its origin, shall continue. My husband

knows the particulars of my late adventure, but is ignorant of my preserver's name. Let it remain so : we never met before, remember that. I see you have not displayed the token of my gratitude :—never let that ring be seen : be guarded—be silent—have eyes and ears ; but affect to have neither. I must leave you : ring the bell, and any thing you require will be brought to you.” She pressed her fingers to her lip, smiled, and next moment he heard her return to the chamber where the guests were assembled.

When the student entered the chamber to which his hostess had conducted him, he was surprised at the very elegant arrangement of the room. It was a lady's boudoir ; and the pure and classic taste evinced in its furniture and decoration, formed a striking contrast to the wealthy but vulgar display so apparent in the rest of the mansion. There was a harp, a piano, and other musical instruments, and a large collection of written and printed music

filled the stands. Books, magnificently bound, were disposed in rosewood cabinets; and several fine specimens of sculpture adorned the mantelpiece.

Among some paintings of exquisite beauty, one little portrait attracted the student's undivided admiration: it was a likeness of the lovely occupant of the chamber. Purcell gazed upon it with rapture; there was the deep blue eye—that bright, that speaking eye: there, too, was the rich profusion of chestnut ringlets; the Grecian nose; the full red lip, that concealed teeth of pearl-like whiteness—and he had pressed that lip!—and with that thought came the maddening recollection that she was *another's*. Good Heaven! could that lovely girl have wedded the elderly and homely person he had seen? Did that young beauty bloom for one whose years and habits rendered the existence of mutual attachment an impossibility? What could have caused this sacrifice? there was some hidden secret involving this ill-

assorted union, which it was difficult to comprehend : his musing was interrupted ; a heavy step approached, and Mr. Downing entered.

“ I ask your pardon, Mr. Purcell : my neglect must appear unpardonable. Madeline tells me you are wounded ; let me look at it.”

“ A scratch, sir—a mere scratch !” and baring his breast, the student discovered that the skin had been slightly punctured.—“ Pshaw ! sir,” he continued, “ your lady’s bodkin would make a deadlier wound ;” and taking some sticking-plaster from his host, he covered the scar ; and buttoning his jacket so as to conceal the stain upon his shirt, he followed Mr. Downing to the supper-room.

Purcell was placed beside the lady of the house. Opposite to him a little man was seated, whom he had not previously observed : he was introduced as Monsieur De Chattelain. His dress and demeanour were grave, and from his general look, the student concluded that he was some priest or physician. But his manners

were very different from those of the other guests. His address was courtly and commanding—his conversation lively and intelligent. Before the meal was over Purcell felt himself irresistibly impelled towards the agreeable foreigner, and forgetting the remainder of the company, his whole attention was engrossed by Madeline and the intelligent old man beside her. At a late hour he took a reluctant leave, and with unfeigned delight, accepted Mr. Downing's warm invitation to visit his house frequently, with an assurance that a cover at his table should be always reserved for his young friend, the student.

Love had already made wild work in Purcell's heart. Madeline, the beautiful Madeline, occupied his thoughts, and haunted his dreams. A colder character might have taken a timely alarm, and avoided the danger of encouraging a growing passion for one, whom fortune had placed beyond the possibility of his possessing. But the student's ardent disposition was insen-

sible to the peril of his situation; and leaving the result to fate, he continued visiting the person whom prudence would have warned him to avoid. Accordingly each day produced some apology for repairing to Downing's house; and as the mercantile avocations of the latter occupied his time with little intermission, unfortunately for Stephen Purcell, his interviews with Madeline were long, and generally uncontrolled by the presence of another.

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an officer in the Irish brigade. She was educated at an English convent in Normandy, and after the revolution had broken out, had the misfortune to lose her father, who fell in the battle of Arcola. The temper of the times made the existence of any religious community in France impossible. That of Saint Genevieve was dispersed, and the inmates obliged to seek a shelter in another kingdom. Madeline's father had once been in the Duke of Orleans' household. In her distress she applied for protection to the

daughter of that prince, who had lately married the gallant and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Madeline was an inmate of Lord Edward's family, when Mr. Downing, with others of the Irish delegates, had an interview with the French authorities at Hamburgh. There Madeline and he accidentally met. Downing was opulent and respectable—an enthusiast in politics, and one for whom Lord Edward had a high personal regard. Struck with the charms of the beautiful and unprotected orphan, the trader forgot the disparity of years, and conceiving that wealth would atone for other disadvantages, he declared his admiration to its object, and pressed his suit with ardour. Seconded by the powerful interference of his noble friend, Madeline's objections to a union, in which her heart was perfectly unconcerned, were removed, and Downing returned to Ireland the husband of the beautiful boarder of Saint Genevieve.

A year passed over. Downing's thoughts became absorbed in the ruinous politics of the times. His vanity might have been gratified by being the husband of one so lovely and accomplished as Madeline; but love was not his leading passion; and those hours which a younger husband would have allotted to domestic enjoyment, were consumed in prosecuting a conspiracy to overthrow the Irish government. Madeline felt no disappointment at the change. In fact it was rather a relief. No pledge of love had blessed her heartless marriage. Too young to feel any thing but friendship for one so much beyond her in years, and so opposite in taste and habits, she employed her uninterrupted leisure in the exercise of those elegant arts she had acquired from the sisterhood of Saint Genevieve. Music and painting were now her resources; and as the trader furnished her with unbounded means for collecting all that was rare and expensive, Madeline's boudoir and drawing-room became repo-

sitories for every elegance in the arts. With such opposite pursuits, Downing and his wife seldom met but in society. Their apartments were separate, and their intercourse rather resembled that of a child and parent, than the warmer intimacy of wedded life.

Gratitude and affection towards her quondam protector, Lord Edward, continued unabated in Madeline's breast. The delicate and generous attention she had experienced in her destitution, and the frequent opportunities which, while a member of his family, she had possessed, of seeing and estimating the chivalrous traits of character of that gifted but unhappy nobleman, had made a lasting impression. She, too, had imbibed much of the enthusiasm of the day; the wild and delusive romance of liberty had seized upon a young and fervid imagination. Her protector was coming to Ireland, the hero and liberator of his country. Ardently, then, did the beautiful enthusiast enter into her husband's plans for sheltering the noble

leader of the conspiracy; and by frequent instances of firmness in danger, with the ready resources of a woman's wit, she proved that the secret of Lord Edward's concealment had been entrusted to one, well worthy of this proud, but dangerous, confidence.

On the night of Lord Edward's arrival in the city, Madeline had brought him the disguise he afterwards assumed. Many untoward circumstances delayed her, and she was returning after executing her perilous errand, when her arrest before the college gates occurred. Purcell's timely interference saved her from the consequences of detection, and formed the basis of a future intimacy, which proved deeply disastrous to both.

Meanwhile, the attempts of the executive to discover the retreat of the rebel leader were unsuccessful. Rewards and espionage produced no disclosures calculated to lead to his detection. De Chattelain sometimes joined the student during his constant visits at Downing's, and

delighted with his spirited and entertaining acquaintance, Purcell's admiration of his talents and information momentarily increased. The foreigner appeared singularly uninterested in the passing events, which engrossed the thoughts of all save himself, but signified unfeigned astonishment at the success with which the chief conspirator evaded the incessant efforts of his enemies.

The result of Purcell's daily interviews with the beautiful Madeline may be easily conjectured. He became the victim of a deep and enduring love; an unaccountable change in habits and disposition was remarked by his companions. The parade was deserted; in the commons-hall he was never seen, and he now avoided the nightly carousals of the wild youths of the university, where, but lately, he had been the presiding spirit. In his chambers he was seldom found, and his most intimate friends were totally astounded at the marvellous and sudden change in Stephen Purcell.

With pain Madeline remarked the progress of the student's passion. She rightly judged that a character so ardent and impetuous, was ill adapted to struggle against a growing attachment, which, if not subdued, would assuredly terminate in their mutual misery. She would have avoided him, but her husband, for political purposes, encouraged his visits, and Madeline was thus prevented from adopting the only salutary course of conduct she could pursue. Her suspicions were soon confirmed: an incident at one of their private interviews hurried the student's feelings beyond the power of control, as he flung himself at her feet, and in a wild and unconnected rhapsody, owned how desperately and hopelessly he loved her.

She fled from him: he would have detained her; but she broke from him, and retired to her chamber to seek relief in solitude and tears. She wept for the frenzied passion of her unhappy lover; but, alas! Madeline might weep for herself! She, who had wedded with-

out a sentiment beyond respect, had learned, too late, how dangerous it is to trifle with the heart. Hers had been hitherto untouched ; but now, when to love was criminal, she for the first time felt there was a being, for whom, had her will been free, she would have declined a diadem !

Purcell for a while remained powerless as a statue. Madeline was gone ; gone for ever ! His insane disclosure had insulted her beyond the chance of being appeased. All was over ! He took a last look at the boudoir he should never again enter ; and his eye resting on the likeness of the beautiful wife of Downing, he took it from the wall, placed it in his bosom, rushed down stairs, and left the house that held the woman whom he idolised.

Evening came ; in a state of melancholy abstraction he paced his cheerless chamber ; “ he took no note of time ;” his servant spoke to him, but he was unheard or unheeded. He put a note into his master’s hand ; but there it re-

mained unopened. Casually, Purcell's eyes turned on the address; it was the hand-writing of Madeline: he hastily broke the seal, and read the following words:—

“ Purcell, farewell!—we meet no more! Your honour, and my peace of mind, require this from both of us. I alone am blameable. What I had reason to suspect, I should have prevented: and by adopting a course now unavoidable, I should have spared some suffering to you, and much unavailing misery to myself. Break off all intimacy with Mr. Downing. Write to him; tax him with disloyalty; and make this, or any other plea, a pretext for declining his farther acquaintance. I would confess the truth to him, and save you the trouble I impose, but it is enough that I should suffer, without including him in a misfortune of which I have been the sole cause. Fare thee well! that blessings here and hereafter may attend you, is the prayer of

“ MADELINE.”

The student read the billet over and over, and then with an effort of extraordinary self-possession, he calmly wrote the letter it demanded. He despatched it by his servant, and then relapsing into his painful reverie, he remained with folded arms "gazing on vacancy." Night came on; a tap was heard at the outer door; a person entered; stood for a minute in silence at the student's side, then striking his absent friend upon the shoulder, Jack Middleton's well-known voice addressed him:—

"In the name of deep tragedy, I conjure thee. What, ho! Stephano! art thou alive, man? or has aught occurred to

' Deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? ' "

"Jack," said the student mournfully, "leave me. I am company for none but a maniac. I am wretched, Jack, truly wretched."

"Pshaw! Stephen, nonsense; what the devil has happened?—some mishap, but surely we can remedy it. Have you been—" and looking

earnestly at his friend, he mimicked the rattling of a dice-box.

“No, no, no; ’tis here and here,” and Purcell pressed his heart and head convulsively.

“In love, by the shade of Mark Antony! Ha! ha! ha! and is Stephen Purcell turned to a mewling schoolboy? He cries because Chloe will not consent to drop into his arms, like an over-ripe medlar. Would she not have thee without the parson’s benison? ‘Oh most pernicious woman!’ Come, make me thy confidant, and, ‘by the simplicity of Venus’ doves’ we’ll have her, though we commit a burglary.”

“Ah, Jack, my case is desperate!”

“Then take the remedy that never failed, wine—wine—wine! You have deserted your friends; some say you are getting mad; others, that you are turning traitor. Come along, the lads are waiting. Without you there has been ‘a gap in our great feast.’ Where’s that? Oh, Macbeth, ‘a gap in our great feast;’” and Purcell allowing himself to be led off without

resistance, Jack Middleton continued favouring him with excellent advice, and quotations from his darling Shakspeare, until they reached the guard-room, where his presence was hailed by a cheer of welcome.

Purcell had eaten nothing since morning; he drank with avidity the wine pressed upon him by his friends. The fever of his mind rendered him unable to endure a debauch; his vision failed; his brain burned; and, to the surprise of his companions, directly after the cloth was removed, he fell upon the floor insensible.

His fall was ascribed to intoxication: fortunately a medical student was present, and attributing Purcell's supposed inebriety to a different cause, he had him carried to his chambers, and remained during the night beside his bed. His ravings confirmed the student's suspicions; the morning found him feverish and exhausted. Farther assistance was promptly administered; and after a confinement of a few days, Purcell

recovered sufficiently to enable him to move about the park.

No tidings of Madeline reached him since they parted. Indeed that silence was natural; her letter prepared him for a separation; and doubtless she had striven, and perhaps succeeded in forgetting him. His spirits left him; his once rude hue of health faded from his cheek; he became nervous and wretched. But, the while, the traces of mental anguish on his countenance were supposed to proceed from bodily indisposition, and none, but Jack Middleton and his medical attendant, guessed that his ailment was "a mind diseased."

Middleton seldom left his friend alone, and on the night of the 17th of May, he entered Purcell's rooms, so closely muffled up, as for a time rendered his recognition difficult. "Are we alone, Stephano?"

"We are. My servant is gone for a book to Harlow's library."

" 'Lend me your ear,' Stephen; we leave

this ere midnight, on a secret expedition—Lord Edward is betrayed !”

“ Betrayed ! is it possible ?”

“ True ; we are certain of success ; and before the clock strikes one the traitor will be a prisoner, or dead. You must come with us. Half a dozen of the lads are selected for the work, and, good Stephano, thou art one.

“ I ?”

“ Yes, *you* ; are you unwilling ? Oh, we can fill your place readily.”

The student’s face reddened.

“ Nay, Stephen, I but jested. Come, arm yourself ; we go disguised ; pistols are the thing ; a great coat conceals them.”

“ Where is the place, Jack ?”

“ Some nook off Thomas Street ; we have a guide.” Purcell’s nerves jarred as Middleton named the street : but an irresistible impulse urged him to visit again the neighbourhood which had proved so fatal to his peace. Taking a case of pistols from a drawer, he examined

their flints and primings, and having secured them in a waist-belt, he put on a watch-coat, and accompanied his companion.

It was striking ten o'clock. Middleton led the way to an apartment within the guard-room, where the party, consisting of four students and a civil officer, were already waiting for them. The plan they were to pursue was simple: a servant had disclosed Lord Edward's retreat, and would admit them privately into the premises by a back entrance, while, soon after, the house and neighbouring streets would be surrounded by a military force. The chosen few who were to arrest the rebel chief were to be admitted an hour before the larger body should appear, as troops moving at a late hour in that direction, might cause an alarm and frustrate the attempt. It was known that Lord Edward was desperate and well armed. Aware of the certainty of his fate should he fall into the hands of his enemies, his intention of never being taken alive was no secret. To arrest him,

therefore, was a service of no small peril ; and to a limited number of the college corps, men of active habits, and established courage, the dangerous duty was assigned.

Two hackney-coaches conveyed the party to the end of Thomas Street ; then alighting, they followed the police-officer in silence, and approached the spot, which to one of them had already been pregnant with adventure. At the entrance of the well-remembered alley the guide paused, looked anxiously round, and next moment plunged into the gloomy passage. Middleton and his companions followed, and, with amazement, Purcell saw their leader tap at the little wicket, which instantly opened, and admitted them into Downing's garden.

He who had unclosed the door held a short parley with the officer, and immediately after retired through the garden. The guide briefly informed them that they were to remain in concealment until he ascertained the proper time for conducting them into the house. He would

communicate with one of the party, who should be posted near the dwelling. After a slight discussion, this duty was entrusted to Purcell; and, directly, the man returned, led the student through the flower-knot, and concealed him among some shrubs, beneath the windows of Madeline's boudoir.

While the student vainly strove to collect his wandering thoughts, a taper gleamed from the casement above. A figure crossed the stream of light—was it Madeline? A conservatory nearly reached the window, and by the aid of a flower-stand, Purcell imagined he might gain the casement. What were his impulses for doing so, he could not tell; but he made the attempt, and succeeded without noise or difficulty.

He would have scarcely recognised the apartment. The paintings were taken down, the instruments and book-cases removed; and any furniture that remained was apparently in great disorder. The whole had an air of neg-

lect and desolation. Madeline was not alone, for De Chattelain stood beside her, and both were busy in tearing letters, and destroying written papers. The task was soon over, and the foreigner left the chamber.

Madeline continued standing at the table. She appeared anxious and thoughtful. The light, as she moved aside, fell upon her face, and the cheek and lip which so lately showed the flush of health, were now wan and colourless. Purcell's heart throbbed painfully. There she stood; the being whom he prized above all earthly things. There she stood, unconscious of impending danger. Could he know that peril was so near, nor warn her of the coming storm? Would it be manly? Would it be honourable? Time pressed—he hesitated—the struggle was short—loyalty gave way to love, and he gently tapped upon the casement.

Light as the signal was, Madeline started. A human face, at that late hour, peeping at the casement, alarmed her. She was about to fly

from the room, when her name, murmured in a low but well-remembered voice, prevented it. She approached—threw the sash open, and Purcell sprang into the chamber, and threw himself at her feet.

Both were for a moment silent, till Madeline, bursting into tears, exclaimed—"Is this honourable?—is this generous?"

"Madeline," said the student, in deep emotion, "I come to save you; even now the house is being surrounded, and treachery has already admitted a part of your enemies to the garden."

"Their visit is too late. My husband is far beyond pursuit. He sailed three days since for America."

"And left *you* behind him unprotected, Madeline!"

She coloured deeply, as her eyes fell upon the carpet.

"The urgency of the case did not allow me

time to accompany him. Your party came hither to arrest him?"

"No, Madeline; there is another—"

"*Another!*"—and her face grew red and pale in quick succession.

"There is —"

"Who?"

"Lord Edward."

"Merciful God! Am I betrayed?"

"You are. Phillips is a villain."

"I feared him. Purcell, will you save me a second time?"

"*None shall harm thee, Madeline.*"

"For myself I have no fears. I am a woman; but my friend, Purcell, save him!—save him!"

"Alas! I cannot; escape is impossible, and resistance to my companions were worse than madness."

"Purcell—dear Stephen—on my knees I supplicate your mercy."

The student raised her gently. "Madeline," he said, in a voice of poignant agony, "if life would serve you, mine is freely at your disposal; but my honour, my allegiance, alike prohibit me from abetting the unhappy man's escape."

But Madeline again was at his feet. "Purcell, you loved me; you swore it, and I believe you. *By that love I conjure you—*"

"Stop, Madeline, stop! I will be any thing for you but a traitor."

"Purcell, I will never outlive the destruction of my benefactor—my more than father. I was desolate—I was homeless;—he saved—he sheltered me. If I cannot save him, I will die with him." Her eye lightened as she spoke, and Purcell trembled as he marked her resolution. Madeline observed his changing countenance—"Hear me, dear Purcell, hear me, but one moment;"—and again her soft voice burst forth in earnest and touching en-

treaty—"Save him—and I will be thy slave for ever !"

"Madeline, tempt me not."

She took his hand ; she called on him by every term of endearment.

"Madeline," exclaimed the student, "I am nearly mad ! Hear me ;"—and the rest he whispered in her ear.

"*I will : so help me Heaven !*" was the reply.

Love succeeded over duty. Purcell seized a pen, wrote the parole and countersign, clasped her to his bosom convulsively, and as he pressed her lips, he muttered—"He is safe ; but I am lost !" Then leaping through the window, he took his station where the false domestic had posted him, among the evergreens.

Directly the light vanished from the casement of the boudoir. "She is gone," said the student, "to complete the treachery I have commenced. Oh ! Madeline, what have I not

fallen to ! who would believe that Stephen Purcell should sink into a felon, and his once vaunted honour become a reproach to his family and name ? Madeline, this I have done for thee. I have won thee ; but fearful was the sacrifice thou cost me."

His soliloquy was interrupted ; for the betrayer stood beside him.

" You are waiting," he said, in a low whisper : " all's right ; Lord Edward, or as they call him here, M. De Chattelain, has retired to his sleeping-room. He never undresses, but merely throws himself upon the bed ; he will be asleep directly : move the party quietly hither, and I will come for you presently."

Purcell summoned his companions, and without noise they were posted in the appointed place. Phillips was not long absent.

" He sleeps," said the traitor in a deep low voice ; " his taper is extinguished. I have listened at the door, and the chamber is as still as death. His pistols lie upon the dressing-

table, and a double-bladed dagger is always beneath the pillow. I will lead you to the room; if the door is fastened, burst it open with this sledge; rush in, throw yourselves promptly upon him, and he will be unable to reach the pistols, or use the dagger."

In breathless silence the party were conducted through the hall: they ascended the stairs. Pointing to a door, the traitor whispered—"That is the room." The officer softly tried the lock; the bolt turned easily,—“Be sudden, boys!” next moment the door flew open: Middleton and his companions sprang fearlessly in, and threw themselves across the bed:—"Lights!" cried several voices, and two dark lanterns were unclosed; the bed was encompassed by the party; it was unoccupied!

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed the leader. "More lights; search every spot, my lads; see—the bed-coverings are tossed; some one was lately here, and our man is not far off."

The chamber was examined; it bore evident signs of being but lately deserted; but of Lord Edward there was no trace whatever: a silk night-cap was on the pillow, and a dressing-gown of foreign fashion proved that the chamber had been his.

The informer was astonished. A quarter of an hour had scarce elapsed since he lighted the rebel chief to this apartment: he saw him close the door; every spot, every article of furniture was minutely examined; Lord Edward was gone!

The party were bewildered, when the march of a military body was heard without, and the order to "halt, and extend to the right and left," proved that they were the expected soldiery. Immediately the commanding officer entered, and demanded, "where is the prisoner?"

"The prisoner?"

"Yes, is he not in custody?"

"In custody?"

“ Why the devil do you bandy words with me? Is not Lord Edward arrested?”

“ No, he is not here.”

“ Not here!”

“ ’Tis true, colonel.”

“ The man you sent to bring up the detachment told me—”

“ *We sent no man!*”

“ What! sent no one? then is there treachery at work. A person met us in Thomas Street, and stated that you had despatched him to bring us to your assistance.”

“ And did you let him pass?”

“ Undoubtedly; he had both parole and countersign.”

“ Describe him.”

“ Low sized, dark clothes, gentlemanly address.”

“ Lord Edward, by Heaven!” there is a traitor amongst us; but let us lose no time, we may yet trace him.

Instantly the house was abandoned; but

rapidly as the pursuit was made, it was unavailing. The pickets and sentries were closely questioned, but no one answering the description given of the rebel chief had passed them. Deeply chagrined at their failure, the military retired to their barracks, and Purcell and his companions to the university.

A note from Madeline next day requested, that to avoid suspicion, the student's visits for a time should cease; and prudence induced him to accede to the wish expressed in her letter. Two days passed; early on the third morning a message from Madeline came: on the preceding night Lord Edward had been arrested, and Downing's house and property set on fire by the military, and entirely consumed.

He found her at an obscure hotel, and there learned the particulars of Lord Edward's capture. He had been taken at a feather-dealer's in Thomas Street, after a desperate resistance. The principal assailant was killed, and the

second wounded beyond a hope of recovery. The rebel chief received a pistol-shot in the struggle, and expired in Newgate a few days afterwards.

Downing's house had been a second time visited by the military. In an adjacent timber-yard a large quantity of pikes were unfortunately discovered; the premises were instantly fired, and the whole burned to the ground.

Madeline was in the deepest distress; the destruction of property to an immense amount appeared a trifling loss, compared to the death of her friend and benefactor. She had narrowly escaped the fury of the excited soldiery; and a small box, containing cash and jewels, was with difficulty rescued from the destroyers of her home.

"I am now desolate, *truly desolate*," she said, as the student strove to comfort her; "deserted by a husband, bereaved of a dear and faithful friend—Oh! where shall I look for protection?"

“To *me*, Madeline : you are mine ; you swore it, and misfortune unites us : henceforth our destinies shall be the same.”

The interview was long and agonising. Madeline, at length consented to leave Ireland with her lover ; and that evening under the assumed name of Tennison, they took possession of apartments at an hotel in Dawson Street.

If ever excuse could be offered for a deliberate violation of conjugal faith, there might be some apology for Madeline's. She was a helpless and deserted stranger, alone in the world, and abandoned by him, whom the laws of God and man had constituted her protector. She was loved by a being, young and ardent as herself ; and under other circumstances she would have combated the temptation that assailed her. A perilous series of calamities beset her : *she fell*—yet poor Madeline while obnoxious to censure, was not undeserving of pity.

Jack Middleton, when acquainted with the fatal step taken by his imprudent friend, was at first overpowered with astonishment and dismay; but Madeline's exquisite beauty won upon his versatile imagination. He discovered that men were mad from the earliest times, and instanced the cases of Romeo, Mark Antony, and other very excellent personages, who had all fallen victims to "the witchery of woman." As the act was irrevocable, Jack urged the student to lose no time in leaving Ireland. Accordingly, Purcell wrote exculpatory letters to his family, arranged his pecuniary affairs, and having procured the necessary passports, he prepared to leave the city for Belfast, whence he ascertained that he could obtain a passage to the continent.

Travelling, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was necessarily insecure; but Purcell had little apprehension of the danger. Accompanied by the beautiful partner of his flight, he bade adieu to his faithful companion;

and on the memorable evening of the 23rd of May left Dublin in the Belfast mail.

On that night the insurrection broke out; a simultaneous rising was expected to take place throughout the kingdom, and the signal to the remainder of the disaffected, to know when the capital was in arms, had been notified to the leaders of the malcontents.

The Belfast mail, protected by its customary guards, and an escort of a few dragoons, reached the domain of Santry, which, at that time, bounded the great north road with its lofty and ivy-covered wall.

There were no passengers that night excepting the student and his mistress. The latter was unusually dejected, and Purcell endeavoured to dissipate her melancholy. "Lean upon my bosom, Madeline; it is a faithful one," said the romantic youth. "There, my sweet one, thy image is enshrined. In another land, love and happiness shall be ours. Courage;

danger is over ; am *I not with thee?* and what can now be apprehended ?”

“ Stop !” cried a hundred voices ; and instantly the carriage was checked, as the leaders’ breasts came against a strong barrier which had been laid across the road. Madeline shrieked, as Purcell threw down the glass, and called on the driver to proceed.

“ It is impossible,” was the reply ; “ the road is totally blocked up.”

“ Stop !” thundered a voice from the park-wall. “ *Surrender ! or every soul shall perish.*”

Purcell, brave as a lion, leaped from the coach, and rushed forward to remove the obstruction ; the dragoons discharged their carbines, and the guards fired on the assailants. Instantly, a stream of musketry was returned from behind the wall. From the opposite ditch, the barrier, before, behind, shots were heard. The dragoons fell ; the guards were disabled : still Purcell, regardless of the heavy

fire that blazed around him, laboured with desperate intrepidity. A portion of the barricade gave way: he was calling to the guards to be steady, when his eyes turning upon the carriage, he saw Madeline in the act of springing out; that moment she gave a piercing shriek—" *I am murdered!*" she feebly uttered, and fell dead upon the road.

With a thrilling cry, Purcell sprang to the spot: he raised her in his arms;—she was dead! the ball had passed through the heart. Next moment a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and laid him beside that beautiful being, who, but just now, had been all life and loveliness.

* * * * *

Five weeks elapsed before Purcell's memory returned. He awoke as if from a fearful dream. He found himself surrounded by his family; and his faithful friend, Middleton, had seldom left his side. His recovery was long doubtful; and when able to bear a journey, he was ordered

to leave Ireland, to try the milder influence of a southern climate. He went; *but never returned!* Yearly, Jack Middleton received a letter from him; and he soon after mentioned that he had assumed another name, and joined the army of the Rhine.

By degrees, Purcell's story faded from the recollection of the world, and it was generally stated that he died broken-hearted, and in obscurity. None, save *one*, knew that the Count de Florival, the favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon, grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and colonel of the cavalry of the guard, was the unhappy lover of Madeline Downing.

THE GAZETTE.



THE GAZETTE.

SIX weeks passed away. The hospitals were untenanted ; most of the wounded had recovered, and joined their respective regiments in France ; and those whose injuries had been so severe as to render them unserviceable, were invalided, and sent home to England.

A cool and refreshing evening had succeeded a sultry day in August, and the park at Brussels was crowded with pedestrians. One military group were earnestly engaged in perusing an English newspaper ; it was to them a most important document, as it contained the Waterloo gazette : and yet its columns were a

mingled source of pleasure and regret :—it notified their own promotions, and recorded the death of many a valued friend.

“ Denis, you have succeeded to a gallant soldier,” said our old acquaintance, Frank Kennedy, to the newly-appointed colonel of the 28th. “ Poor Hilson ! long will his loss be felt ; so brave, and yet so gentle ! The men adored him. When he fell, the groan of anguish that burst from our square will never leave my memory. At that moment the lancers assailed us in front and flank : our close and sustained fire dispersed them ; and during the temporary lull that succeeded, we laid our colonel’s still warm body in the earth, and covered it with a few sods. He sleeps where he fell ; and where could his gallant spirit find a meeter resting-place ? ”

“ ’Tis all the fate of war. Hilson’s death gave me a regiment, and made you a major, Frank. It was a pity, too, that Mac Carthy did not survive to enjoy the reward of his he-

roism. His regiment speaks of his actions with enthusiasm."

"No wonder; his deeds were worthy of an age of chivalry. In every charge, Mac Carthy was foremost in the fight. How he escaped so long is astonishing. To him, Waterloo was a succession of personal encounters. Numbers died by his sword; and, where he perished, a crowd of cuirassiers were heaped around, and told how desperate his dying efforts had been."

"After all," said the little major, with a sigh, "war requires a set-off for the numerous calamities it inflicts on life and limb; for my part, I am ruined."

"Ruined! why what the devil ruined you? There you are, fresh as a recruit; a lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and senior major of the gallant 28th."

"Ah! Denis; this infernal scar upon my cheek; it quite disfigures me. You know one looks to a quiet retirement after a little more service, and is it not melancholy to think

that my features and fortunes are both blemished?"

"Ha! ha! ha! and does a scratch upon the cheek render a man not marketable? No, Jack, no; that very scar gives you a martial and distinguished air, that, if I be any judge of beauty, will render your natural charms irresistible."

"As Melcomb has alluded to 'quiet retirements' and future fortunes, I have made up my mind to—"

"Do what?" exclaimed the lieutenant-colonels together.

"Marry!"

"Marry?"

"Ay, to-morrow morning; and have to request that you will both honour my nuptials with your presence."

"Melcomb will, Frank; but *I*, I could not have assurance enough to meet the lady, after the pains I took to assure her you were the most profligate rascal in the service."

“ All is forgotten, Denis. My dear Lucy unites her entreaties with mine.”

“ Well, if I could believe that my friendly efforts to ruin you were forgiven, I would go.”

“ I have not spirits,” murmured the little major. “ Curse upon all lancers ; it is an atrocious weapon, none but Turks and Calmucs should use it ; it is a sinful and unchristian-like tool ; it disfigures a man unmercifully ;” and a groan bespoke the grief this late spoliation of his beauty caused to the little warrior.

“ Come, Jack, rouse thy courage, you shall see Frank noosed in the morning, and who can tell but that thyself, man, shall be the next adventurer in Hymen’s lottery ?”

Melcomb shook his head. Denis continued, “ Is it because that Poonah painter at Canterbury gave thee the slip, that Jack Melcomb should despair ? Come to Ireland with me, and by the assistance of Saint Patrick, I’ll marry you out of hand.”

“ Are the Irish ladies particularly humane ?”

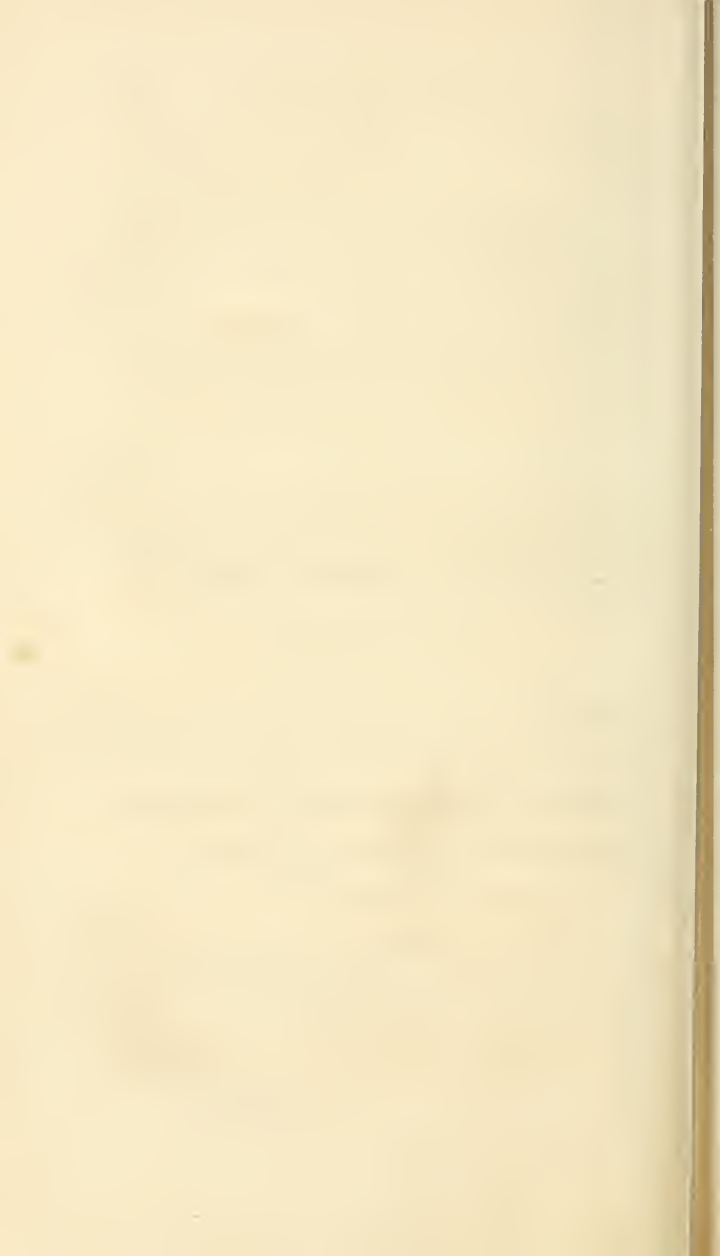
“ They are, the darling creatures !” replied the lieutenant-colonel. “ Come with me, and beyond that blessed stream, the Shannon, I’ll insure you an angel, with a name four syllables long, an excellent fortune, if it be only recoverable, and a pedigree, commencing in the Ark, and ending with the battle of Waterloo. Egad, I have known a man marry there, with so little delay, as prevented him obtaining his own consent. Did I ever tell you the hymeneal adventure of the redoubted Captain Plinlimmon ?”

“ Never,” said the little major.

“ Come to the hotel, you shall hear it over a bottle, for it’s but a dry story. Come away, Kennedy, this night thy freedom ends : Lord, that men, when they are well, cannot keep themselves so !” and Denis Mac Dermott led off his companions, singing the old ditty :

“ A bachelor leads an easy life ;
Few folks that are married, live better :
’Tis a very good thing to have a good wife ;
But the trouble is how to get her !”

CAPTAIN PLINLIMMON.



CAPTAIN PLINLIMMON.

I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest civil
godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with
those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

SHAKESPEARE.

They were wedded, and bedded, Och hone !

IRISH BALLAD.

IT was on a cold afternoon in February that
a short stout man, habited in a military roque-
laure, approached the grand entrance of Bally
Kerrigan. The house had been visible to the
horseman for miles, as it stood upon a conical
hill of easy ascent, every way encompassed as
far as the eye could reach by swamps and moor-

land. An extensive belt of firs and alders surrounded the site of the mansion, which being a huge square edifice of three stories, and topped by a lofty gray-flagged roof, was, as may be imagined, the most distinguished feature in this unpromising landscape.

Captain Plinlimmon, for so the traveller was named, seemed little satisfied with the external appearance of Bally Kerrigan ; accustomed in his " ancient land " to Nature in her rudest dress, the wildest of the Welsh hills was Eden itself, when contrasted with the monotonous desolation of the interminable morass around him. If man had ever attempted to reduce this wilderness to cultivation, he appeared to have abandoned the task in despair. The walls which had once protected the plantations were ruinous, and through a number of practicable breaches, the cattle of the country had for years established a right of entry, and any stunted tree that had survived the deadly influence of an eternal west wind, had fallen, root and branch, beneath

the teeth and horns of the ill-conditioned kine. One gate was off its hinges and stretched itself laterally across the entrance; for its fellow had disappeared, leaving to the remaining moiety a double duty. Even that prostrate gate bore a silent but melancholy evidence to the former consequence of Bally Kerrigan. Some armorial designs were rudely displayed in the iron-work, and the date, 1672, in obsolete figures, proved that more than a century had elapsed since this portion of the grand entrance had been fabricated.

With some difficulty, Captain Plinlimmon effected an entrance by a crazy wicket, and over a grass-grown avenue he leisurely advanced towards the mansion of Redmond O'Farrall.

Nor was the dwelling in better keeping than the park: green damp every where encrusted the walls, and the rough-cast had deserted in large flakes, leaving the blue lime-stone naked to the eye, and open to the weather. The

windows were rickety and rotten, many panes were broken, many imperfectly repaired, and the decayed wood-work bore a self-evident testimony that for years it had remained unmolested by a painter's brush.

But while silence and neglect were observable in the park, there was no lack of human beings about the edifice. The hall-door was raised above the lawn by a score of broken steps, and on every step a peasant lounged in every variety of attitude. Each had, or believed he had, some important business with his honour. That man brought a broken head, and this one, a pair of wild ducks. The black fellow wanted law, the red one wanted money. He on the lower step had missed a ewe, and he on the top one had lost his daughter. They were all, if you credited their story, engaged in business of life and death, and had been occupying the steps for five mortal hours, and yet "his honour" had not blessed them with his presence. Various as were their respective affairs, on

one point they appeared unanimous, being furnished with a frieze great coat, and armed with a trusty cudgel.

When Captain Plinlimmon stopped at the house of Bally Kerrigan, a struggle commenced among the crowd for the honour of assisting him to alight. Savage as the remote districts of Ireland may be, there is one point on which the Emerald Isle may claim an advantage over the sister kingdom: your English boor holds himself doggedly back, and offers no assistance to the traveller; by so doing, he imagines he should demean himself. The Irish peasant springs forward with alacrity, and should there be a number of "the seven millions" present, a friendly contest ensues as to whose good offices shall be accepted. The English boor, who denies a stranger's claim to his civility, will fly before the blue baton of the headborough; the Irish peasant, who obsequiously holds your stirrup in one hand, and his own hat in the

other, has probably at the last fair led on his faction against a rival mob, defied the police, withstood the riot act, and dared the military until one volley of blank cartridge, and one ditto of *raal ball*, has proved sufficiently that a cudgel-proof carcase is not impervious to cold lead.

While the captain was in the act of dismounting the lord of the mansion made his long-expected appearance at the landing place. Redmond, or as he was familiarly called, Remmy O'Farrall, was hardly passed the middle age, but early and continued dissipation had lined a naturally handsome face with the certain traces of premature decay. His cheek was flushed, not with the glow of health and exercise, but the ruddy stain of inebriety, his lips were tremulous, and his limbs shook, while he hurried down the steps, and welcomed his martial visitor. This ceremony being over, he applied himself promptly to the affairs of his

numerous clients, and the rapidity with which he despatched the multifarious concerns of the parties astonished the wondering Welshman.

“Hallo! Padreen, where are you bringing the captain’s horse to? You know Father Watt’s mule is there, and he kicks like a born devil. Put him in the three-stalled stable. Miley Dogherty, who broke your head this turn? You’re always fighting, and be d—d to you! Tim Bryan, Mr. Dempsey will take the *vestment* that he never laid eyes on Sibby since the fair-day of Donnamonga; try up the country;”—and pointing over his left shoulder, he winked significantly at the complainant. “So another ewe’s gone? We must hang some sheep-stealers next assizes, or the country will be ruined. Philbin, where did you kill these ducks? take them to the cook, and make her give you a glass of whisky. Mortein, that will be allowed you in the May rent; but you must clear up the last Yule. No turf, do you say?” to a *gassoon*, who whispered in his ear—“Off, you

idle villains! every man of you bring in a *cleave* from the bog, or I'll obliterate you!"

So saying, he waved his hand, thundered out a volley of imprecations; and instantly forgetting their relative misfortunes, the owners of stolen sheep, lost daughters, wild ducks, and broken heads, scampered off to bring in fuel for the kitchen.

The symptoms of decay which Captain Plinlimmon had noticed on the exterior of Bally Kerrigan only kept pace with the dilapidation within. The hall was large and gloomy. The glasses of a once handsome lantern were shattered, and the billiard-table in the centre covered with broken cues, and its torn cloth discoloured with stains, and spotted with candle-grease. Nor was the drawing-room in better preservation; scarcely a chair was trust-worthy: some light and expensive spider-tables were utterly destroyed, and a marble slab cracked across its centre. The colours of the carpet were faded for the want of sun-blinds, and the

hearth-rug in many places burnt. Before the fender lay a huge one-eyed water-spaniel, bloated to an enormous bulk; age and indulgence had made him surly and disagreeable, while from over-feeding he had become a positive nuisance.

It was now twilight, and the remains of breakfast still remained upon the table, and a second or third peal, rang by the host with a huge hand-bell, was necessary, before a bleared and sottish-looking servant answered the summons, and removed the relics of the morning meal.

Apologising to his guest for a short absence, "to breathe," as he expressed it, "a mouthful of fresh air," O'Farrall left Captain Plinlimmon to amuse himself as he best could.

"Your honour's welcome to the country," said Denis Philbin, the chief butler of Bally Kerri-gan, as he swept the egg-shells into the ashes—"Mighty plisant house, whin your honour's acquainted with it. My master's a fine man, and

great company. Sorrow one of him cares he niver striched upon a bed. The piper lives in the house, and they'll dance and drink betimes for a week together."

Here Captain Plinlimmon, who had wandered to the window, observed a shabby looking personage, in a dark frieze wrapping-coat, perambulating backwards and forwards like a sentinel. He seemed deeply intent on reading.—“Your honour's not acquaint with Father Watt—he that's the blessed priest of Mullacrew; that's him, and he's readin his office. Oh he's a wonderful man! He has the worst curse in Connaught, and can lay the divil—Lord be between us and evil!” and he crossed himself at this ejaculation.—“when it has failed the rest of the clargy. He's just come home from Crehanbury; and its well but Peter Diver was driven clane out of house and home. No pace day or night; the divil—Christ pardon us!—one time meawing like a cat, and the next playing on the fiddle. Father Patt Laverty

thought to compis him, but its well he didn't murder him, for he bate him to a mummy. Well, whin all failed, Diver sent for Father Watt, and he settled him."

After this flattering commendation, it was with great surprise the captain learned that this gifted divine was held in small honour by his brother churchmen. Whether it arose from envy at his extraordinary success, when personally *pitted* against his satanic majesty, or that there was something irregular in his life or orders; certain it was that the "blessed priest of Mullacrew" was suffered to expend his theology upon the inmates of Bally Kerrigan; and, excepting while on a periodical excursion throughout the province, when he cursed the congregation, and afterwards made a collection for himself, Father Watt was never called upon but in cases of urgent necessity. He had lately been summoned to the assistance of the old priest of Kilearney, whose flock had broken out into open rebellion; but the "blessed man of Mul-

lacrew" fulminated such a torrent of eternal misfortune against these unhappy sinners, that the most insubordinate, who for months past had done little else but "play cards, eat meat, and commit murder," were brought into submission, and transmitted, like a flock of wild geese, to the summit of the *reek*, there to expiate their offences, by operating for the benefit of their own souls, and the full satisfaction of mother church. More Plinlimmon might have learned, had not Denis' details been interrupted by a shrill whistle—"It's Mr. Finnucane," he said, "returning from the fair of Boyle—beggin your honour's pardon for laving you," and off he went.

The Welshman, after the chief butler had departed, endeavoured to kill the weary hours by examining sundry portraits of the progenitors of the present lord, which were suspended, and many of them only half suspended, from the walls of the apartment. A newspaper would have been invaluable, but none could be discovered but a Dublin Gazette, torn away to

the half sheet of advertisements. The windows afforded no variety to the captain's observations; the evening had shut in. Father Watt and his office had disappeared, and the prospect was limited to a few yards of wretched brushwood; for into such, that which had once been a shrubbery, had degenerated.

On wore the evening, and still there was no appearance of dinner. The captain was a man of orderly habits, and in nothing more so than in the hours of his refreshment. The regular and clock-like punctuality with which the dinner drum called him to his comfortable mess was now bitterly remembered; and deep was his regret that he had ever been induced to leave his quiet barrack-room to visit Bally Kerrigan. Another half hour passed—he became still more nervous and unhappy. His patience had attained its utmost stretch of endurance, when the door of the drawing-room opened, and, rustling “in silk attire,” there glided in a portly-looking gentlewoman.

Captain Plinlimmon was astounded. Mr. O'Farral, as he had been informed, kept a bachelor's house in its strictest sense, and consequently the appearance of one of the softer sex was a subject of surprise. The captain had passed the age of romance, if my Lord Byron says right, when he places it at "thirty-five;" but still Plinlimmon was a professed admirer of the ladies, and a very punctilious personage in all attentions appertaining to the same. A most ceremonious bow from the soldier was returned by a profound courtesy, and a rickety chair having been duly presented, the lady, from past experience of the danger of precipitation in trusting to fragile cane-work, first ascertained its ability to bear her weight, and then quietly deposited her person beside the polite commander.

Miss Blake—for she was one of that eternal tribe—was the kinswoman of Remmy O'Farral. Her fortune, being a claim of some hundreds on the estate of Bally Kerrigan, not having been

conveniently forthcoming, she had for some years taken up her abode in the mansion of the creditor. This arrangement appeared satisfactory to Remmy and Miss Blake. To discharge her claim was as far from his intentions and ability as to liquidate the debt of the nation; and to enforce it by law, had Miss Blake even contemplated that unchristian-like alternative, would have been totally impracticable; for, like a genuine Galway property, double the amount would be incurred in recovering the principal. Hence Miss Blake peaceably took up her quarters at Bally Kerrigan, and Remmy tolerated her presence, until by death or marriage he could satisfactorily rid himself of her company. Biddy Blake was no chicken. The law declared her of an age capable of the management of her effects when she first selected Bally Kerrigan for her residence; and twelve years had elapsed, and still she remained unwedded.

Miss Blake was a bouncing fresh-looking

woman; tall, well-made, and inclined to corpulency. That she still remained unwedded was allowed by all the county to have arisen from no disinclination on her part to approach the altar of Hymen. Her kinsman declared her to be a person of great good temper and excellent discretion; and the family confessor, Father Watt, offered his sacred assurance, that her match could not be found from Athlone to Atheney—in short, she was a most praiseworthy gentlewoman. And yet there were persons who hinted that Bally Kerrigan was not precisely the place from which they would select a helpmate; and an unfortunate excursion which Miss Biddy, in the innocency of her heart, had made into the realms of Dick Martin, for the benefit of the “salt say,” was tortured by the censorious of the neighbourhood into a temporary retreat from the world, for unmentionable reasons, as delicate as prudential.

The rapid progress made by the gallant cap-

tain in establishing himself in the good graces of Biddy Blake, was astonishing even to himself. When he retired to perform his customary ablutions before dinner, in person, she lighted him to his chamber. The room had a rickety and forlorn appearance, for which she duly apologised; but then it was well aired—that she could answer for; it was next her own apartment: no civility in her power was omitted. If he, the captain, wanted any thing, he had but to knock upon the wall—she would hear it; the bell was unluckily broken down, and Denis, God pity him! was *bothered*, which in English meaneth, that Denis was deaf.

Captain Plinlimmon had frequently remarked the singular facility with which he ingratiated himself into the favour of the fair sex, but never had his success been so decisive as in the present instance. There was so much anxious attention bestowed upon his comfort and convenience, that he was perfectly overwhelmed. No wonder, then, that when he returned to the

drawing-room, he took up a position on a three-legged sofa beside Miss Biddy Blake, and that when dinner was announced by the *bothered* butler, that he escorted the lady with due form to the eating-room.

To give the devil his due, Remmy O'Farral lived well, and so Captain Plinlimmon acknowledged, qualifying his praise, however, with a hint, that an earlier hour would have been an improvement. Hares were plenty, and the soup was consequently excellent. There was a turbot fresh landed from Galway; the mutton was five years' old; the woodcocks were fat as capons; and the wild ducks in prime condition, and "done to a turn." Among all these good things the captain played his part gallantly, and it was not until the dessert (and we will say nothing about it) appeared, that the commander had leisure to examine the company.

The guests were few. On the right of Remmy O'Farral sat the gallant captain; and Miss

Biddy Blake, to use a military phrase, flanked him. At the foot of the table the kinsman of the host was placed. He, too, was an O'Farral, and his appearance arrested the attention of Plinlimmon. There was that in his air which bespoke the gentleman and soldier; but, alas! like his cousin, his face and figure betrayed symptoms of habitual inebriety. It was a pity: Fergus O'Farral was more unfortunate than vicious. In the morning of his life he had started a cadet in a foreign service; and circumstances almost beyond his control, suddenly dimmed the prospects of a gallant soldier. After signalising himself in the field, he was obliged to leave the service he was attached to, for fighting an imprudent duel. He returned to Ireland, a needy, broken-hearted man; and, without another asylum to shelter him, he was forced to take up his residence at Bally Kerrigan. For a time, systematic debauch was irksome. He would have fled from the contamination of depraved society had he pos-

sessed the power. Use and example gradually accustomed him to the endless riot of the house.—“ His poverty, and not his will, consented.”—At last, he fell a victim ; and he who had once been loved by woman and admired by men, lapsed into a solitary broken-spirited drunkard.

Still his better feelings, at times, would show themselves. He perceived that Plinlimmon was a simple-minded, unsuspecting sort of original ; but he was a soldier, and poor Fergus' heart warmed to the profession of which he had long been an honourable member. Although his clothes were soiled and threadbare, their military cut and faded braiding told of past days of brighter fortune ; his linen was clean and orderly ; the once black hair, now grizzled by sorrow and excesses, was plaited in a queue, and tied behind him with a ribbon. His manners were polished, and, in spite of poverty and dissipation, he looked like a gentleman, even though it was a fallen one.

Not so his next neighbour, Mr. Tony Finnucane. His dress and appearance were in perfect unison, and no one could mistake his character and calling. Mr. Finnucane was a gentleman jockey; he was attired in a short-skirted single-breasted green *coatee*, ornamented with large gilt buttons, on which a fox was engraven, and a scroll above it bearing the word “Tallyho!”—leather smallclothes, long boots, and a red plush vest completed his costume. His jests were coarse; his conversation confined to the stable and the field; his laugh loud, and his brogue insufferable.

The family confessor, “the blessed priest of Mullacrew,” was the last of this “faire company.” If the gallant captain had indulged in high expectation of seeing a personage of grave and austere sanctity, and a solemn and monastic deportment, the appearance of the worthy churchman must have occasioned a grievous disappointment. He was a punchy, unhealthy-looking man, of vulgar habits and a most un-

propitious address. His dress, a sort of rustic and sacerdotal medley, consisted of a seedy coat of faded black, gray corduroy *tights*, with plated studs, and long pepper-and-salt leggings. The fatal spot of deep crimson on the cheek, which is stated to be the certain index of determined drunkenness, was visible on the confessor's ; but indeed his constitutional infirmity was quite apparent : he declined drinking wine, as being " too cold for his stomach," and fortified the water he liberally used at dinner with an awful quantity of pure alcohol.

Fergus was the only tolerable being at table. He spoke well, and his anecdotes were amusing. Remmy lost himself in local conversations with the priest and horse-dealer. To Plinlimmon their discourse was nearly unintelligible : horses' pedigrees, sessions' decrees, fairs, fightings, &c. &c. &c. Thus two hours passed ; the bottle had quickly circulated ; and soon after, Mr. Finnucane proposed a game of cards.

Captain Plinlimmon plumed himself no little

on his accurate knowledge of whist and cribbage, and willingly would he have brought his skill to a trial. He was about to second the proposition of him of the green jacket and jockey boots, when catching the eye of Fergus, he received a warning look which could not be mistaken. Great as was the Welshman's vanity, and highly as he valued his profound acquaintance with the arcana of play as set forth by the immortal Hoyle, yet he was no fool. He declined play accordingly; and again the wine went merrily round. -

The bottle did its duty. Fergus became silent and sleepy; and the captain commenced an interminable argument with the "blessed man of Mnullacrew," into which Mr. Tony Fin-nucane adroitly managed to intrude. The horse-dealer was vulgar in his remarks, and coarse in his contradictions, while Plinlimmon was irritable and positive. The Welshman assigned to Litchfield the honour of giving birth to Doctor Johnson, and the horse-dealer as ob-

stinately placed that interesting event "within a short mile of Ballintubber." Words waxed higher; the dispute hurried to an awkward climax, as Mr. Finnucane requested "gentlemanly satisfaction;" and Mr. Remmy O Farral humanely intimated that the sooner a friendly difference was brought to a conclusion, the better for all parties. To Father Watt he issued his orders in a whisper, and producing some keys, selected one, and the confessor departed with alacrity.

Great was Captain Plinlimmon's surprise when he found himself on the very point of fighting a duel with a horse-dealer. Remmy had actively commenced clearing away the chairs, and removing the decanters; and the unhappy Welshman perceived, that with but a few feet of mahogany between them, he should be promptly paraded before his truculent opponent. No delay was probable :—*hazy*, as the "blessed man of Mullacrew" certainly was, the celerity with which he executed his commission was

marvellous. To the dismay of the ill-fated admirer of Doctor Johnson, Father Watt returned with a pair of pistols of inordinate length, which Remmy announced as nonpareils, by the title of the “angels of Dunnaney.”

Before the holy man, however, could reach the table, and render up his charge to their humane owner, his foot luckily caught the carpet:—down he went, and one of the “angels” exploded with a tremendous report. That accident probably saved Captain Plinlimmon. Roused by the discharge of the pistol, and the cries of Father Watt, who in an agony of terror affirmed that he was mortally wounded, Fergus shook off his drunken lethargy, and comprehended the transaction in an instant; which, indeed, at Bally Kerrigan, was one of no uncommon occurrence. Turning wrathfully to his kinsman, he demanded the reason why loaded pistols were produced—listened to a confused statement of the quarrel with contempt, and stopped the further explanations of

the worthy churchman with most irreligious brevity : then lifting the second pistol from the floor, he discharged it at a plate-warmer in the corner, and a fearful crash of broken china, and the fall of a large flake of plaster from the wall behind, proved that his aim was true, and the “ angel ” well loaded.

The company having resumed their chairs, harmony was speedily restored. Remmy uncorked a fresh magnum in honour of the renewed amity of the parties. Plinlimmon, with a lightened heart, filled a bumper ; which example was duly imitated by Mr. Tony Finnucane. “ The angels of Dunnaney ” were discarded from the apartment ; and Fergus explained to the full satisfaction of all concerned, that his gallant friend, the captain, alluded to the celebrated lexicographer ; while his less erudite opponent, the gentleman in the green jacket, imagined the person in question was the assistant surgeon of the Roscommon militia.

No wonder that Fergus drank deep, and

Plinlimmon got glorious ; and a bagpipe having been heard in the hall, the captain staggered out to exhibit his accomplishments in the polite art of dancing, by treading a measure with Miss Biddy Blake : meanwhile, poor Fergus fell from his chair, and was stretched by Finnucane on the carpet in a corner.

“ What a rum chap that Welshman is ! ” said Tony to the host.

“ I differ with you,” replied Remmy ; “ he appears a soft one—a regular spoon : look out, Finn, and see what he’s doing.”

Tony opened the door—“ Dancing for the bare life with Brideein, and getting as drunk as an owl ! ”

“ Biddy, by-the-bye, is a d—d bore : here she is,” said the host, “ and here she may remain till doomsday ; for I could no more raise her five hundred, than make her Queen of Sheba ! ”

“ I wish she was well married,” hiccupped

the confessor, whose articulation had become awfully irregular.

“Married!” exclaimed Remmy with an oath—
“ah! that’s over. That cursed blast she got when she ran off with Tom Nolan, and returned after a week’s trial, no better than she went away! Zounds! between that and her Connemara expedition, she’s blown far and near.—I wish she was at the devil! Honor Darcy would have taken me, if Biddy, bad luck to her! was provided for.”

“A thought strikes me,” said the horse-dealer—“what, if we could marry her to Plinlimmon?”

O’Farral shook his head—“No, no, Finn; the Welshman’s too sharp for that.”

“It’s only making the trial,” continued Fin-nucane. “If we succeed, Brideein will be a captain’s lady; and if we fail, it’s only a d—d good joke.”

“Trial’s all,” said Remmy. “Call in De-

nis, till we find out how the fool is getting on."

Nothing could be more favourable than the report of the deaf butler. Between Irish jigs, and poteen punch, which had been compounded by his fair partner, and earnestly recommended as a necessary refreshment, the commander's brain was in such absolute confusion, as rendered him a proper object for the attempt. The priest, too, was in a happy state of drunkenness; and had that holy man been ever visited by qualms of conscience, now, any apprehension on that score was at an end.

When Remmy and his confederate adjourned to the hall, Plinlimmon was finishing a reel with Biddy Blake, and that reel finished him. He staggered to a seat; tossed off a tumbler of stiff punch, opportunely presented to him by Tony Finnucane; and being supported to the dining-room, the "blessed priest," held up by the piper's sister, who being "booked against every thing but beer," had contrived to remain

comparatively sober—hiccupped a portion of a penitential psalm, and part of an office for the dead; and concluding the ceremony with a charm to remove corns, Remmy O'Farral declared that the solemnity was complete.

It was all over with Plinlimmon; he was asleep, “fast as a watchman;” and with some difficulty was carried to bed by the host and horse-dealer. How the bride disposed of herself I never could learn. The servants were unanimous in getting drunk. The piper was laid out upon the billiard-table. Remmy and Finnucane disappeared; and Fergus and the “holy man of Mullacrew” remained where they fell, upon the carpet.

Some hours elapsed, and Bally Kerrigan was buried in deep and drunken repose. Crime, they say, brings its own punishment; and Captain Plinlimmon awoke, tortured with fever, and parched with thirst. By one or two rotatory movements, he disencumbered himself of the bed-coverings, and with a tongue of leather-

like consistency, and furred to the stiffness of a deal board, he muttered an ejaculation for “water! water! water!”

“There’s a bowl of whey beside you my love!” murmured a voice at his elbow, soft as the lyre of Eolus.

“Holy St. David!” exclaimed the astounded Welshman, “where am I? am I bewitched?”

“No, darlin, you’re only married,” responded the same gentle tones.

“Married!” roared the captain. “In the name of every thing damnable, who are you?”

“Your own affectionate and lawful wife, Bridget Plinlimmon, otherwise Blake,” replied the voice in tender accents.

“Married!”

“Yes, love, last night, by the ‘blessed priest of Mullacrew!’”

“The blessed priest—last night!” muttered the terror-stricken commander, as he slipped away, and began to collect his scattered habiliments.

“Guard yourself, love, against the cold,” continued the tender accents of the anxious fair one; “and above all things, mind you don’t tumble over the servants, who are drunk upon the staircase.”

Whether Captain Plinlimmon duly attended to the latter instructions we cannot say, but sure it is, that he reached the hall in safety. Bally Kerrigan was an open house, and of course there was no lock to impede him. He staggered to the ruined offices, and fortunately found his horse saddled and bridled precisely as he had dismounted from his back the preceding afternoon. If the captain had been feasted to excess, the steed had not suffered from repletion: this, his racer-like condition proved, as he stood before a crazy rack, from which he occasionally drew forth a limited supply of rushes. Without a moment’s delay, the Welshman led out his half-starved charger, and waving the ceremony of taking leave, he cantered off from the house of Bally Kerrigan.

Into the extent of Biddy Blake's sufferings, when deserted by her wedded lord, we cannot be expected to enter. Next day, Captain Plinlimmon left the country, never to return; and his regimental cloak, faced with scarlet plush, and lined with red shalloon, remained at Bally Kerrigan, a forfeiture for broken vows.

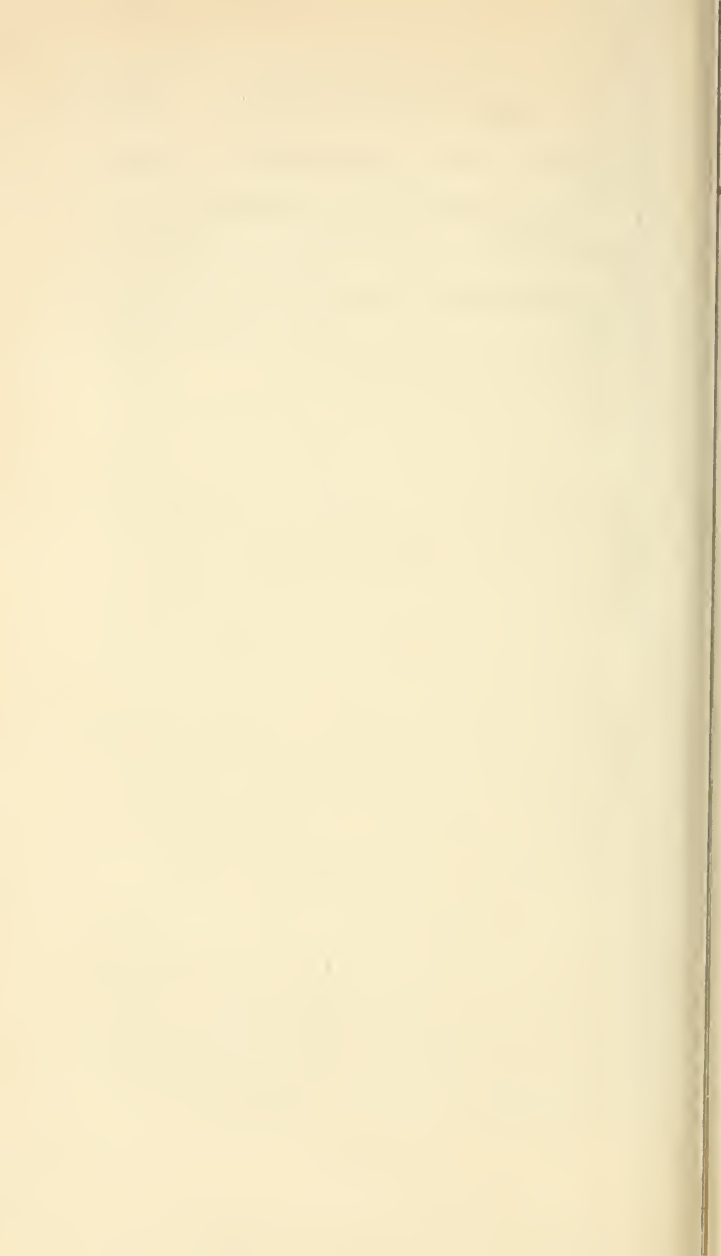
As the false commander had levanted, and as Welsh estates, like Connemara securities, are somewhat difficult of recovery, it was deemed prudent by Remmy and his associates to pass over the captain's marriage as a joke. Biddy Blake, however, falsified the predictions of O'Farral, for, in course of time, she espoused a *strong* (wealthy) shopkeeper in Loughrea, who, to use the words of Denis, "was in no way particular about trifles," and the concluding blow which annihilated the property of Bally Kerrigan originated in law proceedings for the recovery of Biddy's claim upon the estate.

The Cornwall militia remained in the town of Tuam for eight months after Captain Plin-

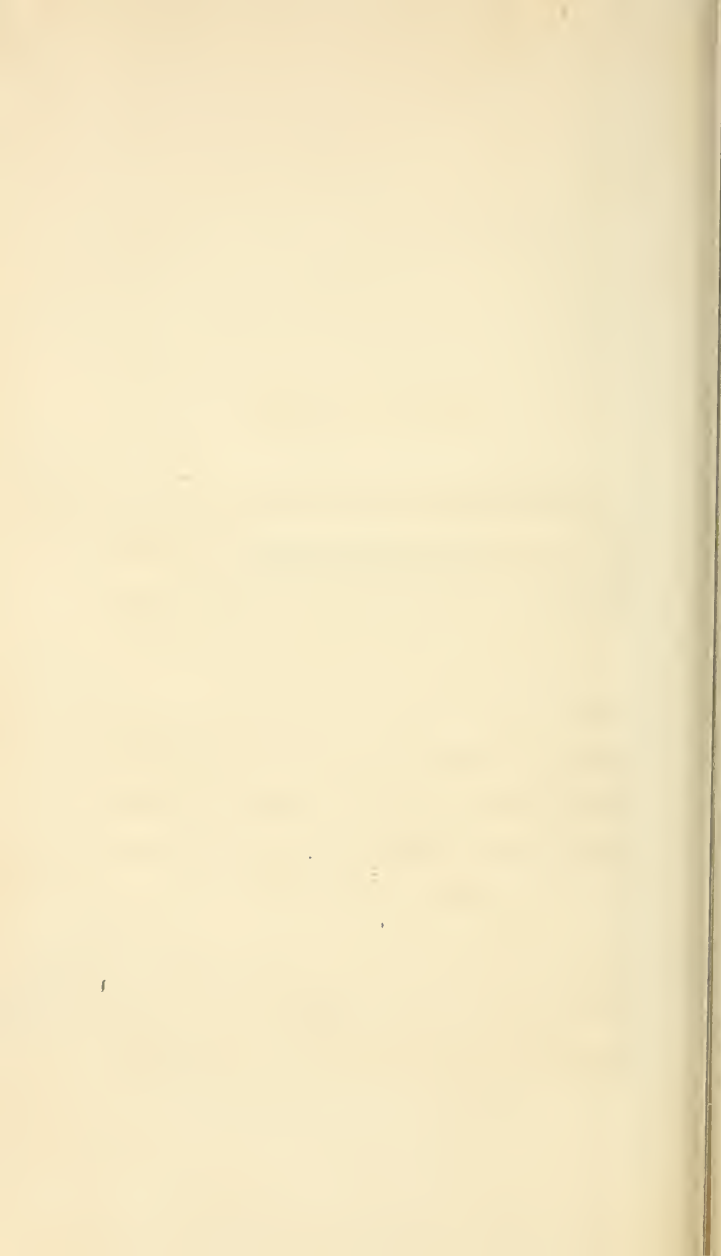
limmon retired from the service. They were reputed to be as gallant a corps as ever marched “to tuck of drum;” but, brave as they were, not a man during their sojourn in the country ventured to dine with the lord of Bally Kerri-gan.

Of all the dramatis personæ, the principal actors, to wit, Captain Plinlimmon and Mrs. Cooney of Loughrea, are sole survivors. Fergus drank himself to death. Mr. Finnucane was killed by the kick of a horse, while jockeying a dragoon in Ballinrobe, and pledging his honour the colt in question was quiet as a lap-dog. Father Watt was suffocated in a bog-hole, returning *heartly* from a christening; and a blue flag built on the road-side enumerates his virtues, and requests a few prayers for his soul. Miss Biddy Blake furnished Mr. Cooney with an heir, four months after she became his “by the consent of the clargy,” and thus abridged that period of suspense to which husbands are generally subjected: and Captain

Plinlimmon, although remarkable for a strict taciturnity on Irish affairs in general, has been heard to hint, "that for any man solicitous to get drunk, shot, or married with the least possible delay, there is no spot on the habitable globe like Bally Kerrigan!"



CONCLUSION.



CONCLUSION.

HERE end *the Stories of Waterloo*; and as the surviving narrators may, and we hope have, established a sufficient interest with the reader, to make their future fortunes a subject of curiosity, we shall briefly notice them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mac Dermott, K.C.B. remained for several years in command of that distinguished corps with which he served at Quatre-Bras. He was as popular as brave; and when, by the death of a distant relative, he gained a large addition to his fortune, he discovered about the same time that his liver was equally on the increase, from the effects of long residence in a tropical climate. With reluctance

he retired from the regiment, of which he was so proud, and carried with him the regret of his companions, and a splendid present of plate, voted to him as a mark of their esteem. He spends his winters in Bath, and his summers in Connemara. In the country he arranges affairs of honour, and in the city determines disputes at whist; delights to meet an old comrade; talks over "foughten fields;" eschews matrimony, and gets gloriously drunk on the anniversary of Quatre-Bras.

Jack Melcomb has also turned his sword into a ploughshare: notwithstanding the injury sustained by his features at Waterloo, he found favour in the sight of a respectable gentlewoman who rivalled the inconstant Harriette in accomplishments, and far exceeded her in worth. He resides on his paternal property in England; and a periodical exchange of civilities marks the existence of an unabated friendship between himself and Frank Kennedy. Pheasants from Norfolk appear upon the table at Killnacoppall;

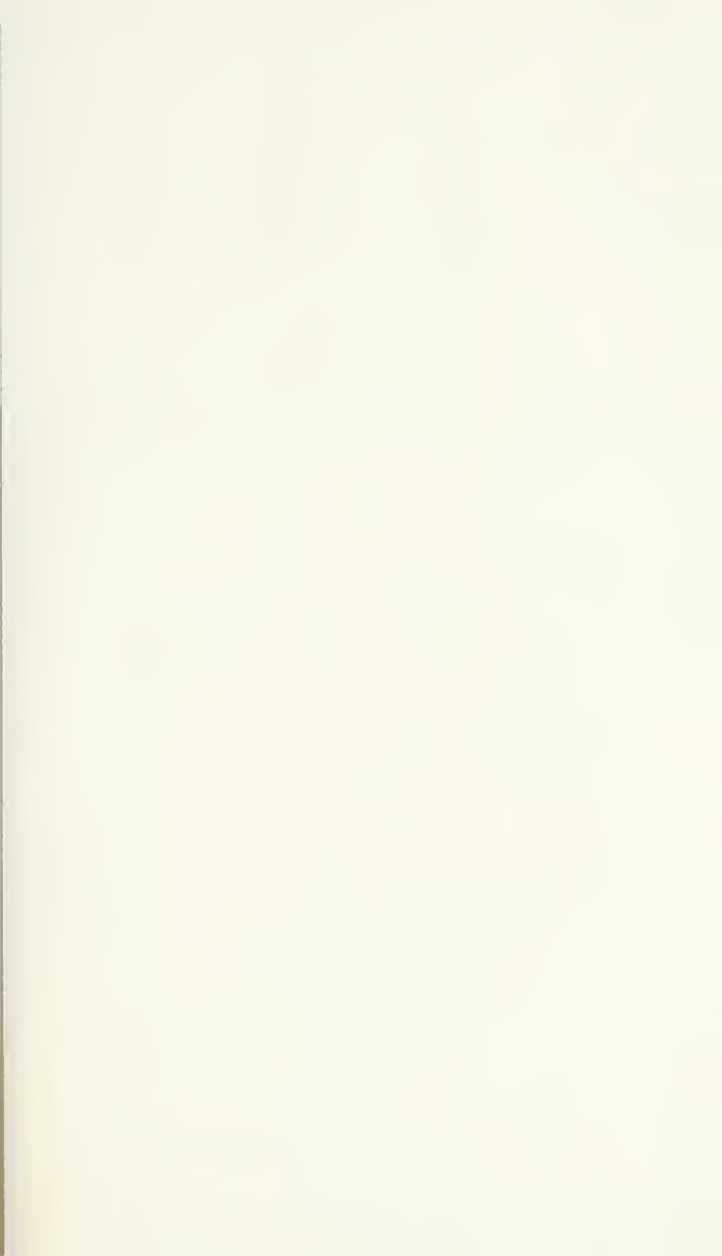
and, in return, Colonel Melcomb exhibits wood-cocks and smoked salmon, which had actually crossed the bridge of Athlone.

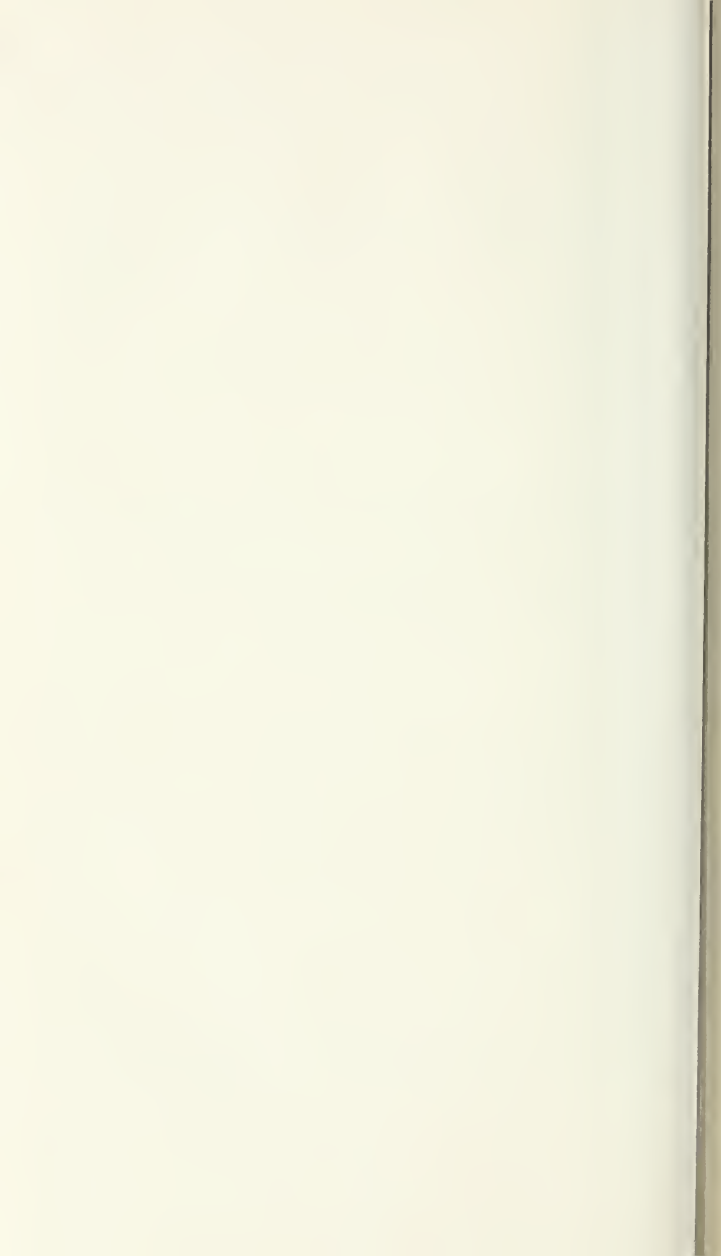
And how fared Frank Kennedy? Happily, as a happy union could make him. He has added to his estate, the celebrated villages of Cushna Mac Cumisky and Carrick-na-Spidiogh, with two other un-euphonous denominations, which would be as impossible for us to write, as for an English reader to pronounce.

Lucy has turned out what Denis Mac Dermott styles a "splendid woman." One "chopping boy" has already blessed their union; and my aunt Macan, having resumed the mantle of prophecy, has openly declared that the duration of the house of Killnacoppal will not be entrusted to a solitary heir. Lucy, as a wife, is as ardent and romantic as when she first plighted her faith to her handsome kinsman. Fate, after a trying separation, removed the barrier between them, and that day, when in the confidence of cherished love she sought its object

in Belgium, proved to Lucy a source of permanent happiness, by making her the wife of one so brave and affectionate as Frank Kennedy.

THE END.







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